

MAY 1969 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 35¢

# MACLEAN'S



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# MACLEAN'S REPORTS

MAY, 1969 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 5

## Shouldn't a Canadian ball club include at least ONE Canadian?



I'VE FINALLY tracked down a Canadian who's associated with the only team from Canada that's taking part, in a professional way, in the midwest pasture of the United States. The pasture is of course baseball, the team is the Montreal Expos of the freshly expanded National League, and the eagle, heady Canadian is a Miss Josée Larivière who is 22, five foot-four inches tall and who can throw and hit right-handed if called on.

Actually there are 30 Canadians working for the Expos — but all of them, like Miss Larivière who is the secretary to the team's public relations man, are employed in the front office and not on the diamond. Which is precisely my point. We Canadians, possibly the world's most self-primitive and chauvinistic sports fans, we Canadians who gradually allow a mere 35 Americans to play per pro team into the country each season, we Canadians who glory in supplying 99.9 percent of the hockey players to the 10 American NHL clubs — we name Canadians are now preparing to loan our chosen and useful to the support of a team which bears its name that most Canadian of words — Expos — but this boasts not one single Canadian athlete.

Still, ironic as the situation is, the Expos are at least in these preliminary (if you'll pardon the pun) to develop some native-born talent. "Sure, we want Canadian boys," the team's general manager, Art Fanning, admits. "They'd make terrific drawing cards for our home games. But it's going to take time and scouting to dig out the Canadians and coach them along to big-league standards. Obviously, it'd be impossible to field an all-Canadian team or even part of an all-Canadian starting line-up. After all, there isn't the same tradition of playing baseball among Canadian boys as there is in the United States. But, don't worry, we'll find them."

Finding the Canadians is only Art Fanning's first problem, looking as to their names even more difficult. The Expos hadn't put in more than a couple of weeks of training in Florida this spring when one of their few Canadian prospects, a 19-year-old pitcher named Guiseppe Giuliano, decided that the heady world of the big leagues was too overwhelming. "I'm sorry," he wrote to Fanning just before departing camp. "I am sick for home and cannot stay in West Palm Beach." (Let's be changed his name.)

Miss Kennedy, a husky, blond, 20-year-old infielder from Brantford, Ont., is a more typical product of the Expos' diligent Canadian scouting. Last season, Kennedy hit .400 for Brantford Red Wings in an Ontario league and helped Toronto Lenoxes win a ball tournament in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Then the Expos outbid her established major-league teams for Kennedy's contract. And now, Kennedy is sharpening his skills on Montreal's farm team in Florida.

But young Kennedy and the Expos' other Canadian minor leaguers can at all they've been able to do is to join Montreal's baseball tradition. That dates back to the mid-1940s when the old Montreal Royals were the power of the International League, winning pennants, leading both men in Jack Bushman and Chuck "Rifleman" Clifton, and attracting 600,000 noisy, enthusiastic fans each season. And who above all did the fans look to Delmonico Staysia to cheer? Well? Why, that soft, little shortstop, Stan Beards, not just a star, not just a Canadian, but a French Canadian!

It may be a few seasons before another Stan Beards arrives on the Expos roster. But in the meantime, to some extent, I have a suggestion for Art Fanning. How about putting together

a package deal made up of Josée Larivière, a couple of ticket-takers and a clutch of grounds-keepers and trading them to the New York Mets for Ron Taylor, the excellent relief pitcher from Toronto? Then we Expos fans will have a genuine Canadian to root for.

JACK MATTHEW

## The Oromocto merchants' war with the Canadian Army

WHEN A BIG supermarket moves in to squeeze out a small grocer. It's easy to shrug off the result as one more case of free enterprise. But what's the answer when an army colonel closes a grocery store and opens a new one's established merchants?

Shop owners in Oromocto, N.B., are bitterly facing such competition from a general store two miles away, at Canadian Forces Base Gagetown. Since the army's move, the grocer's of early last year in anticipation of a takeover by the new government-backed Co-op (Canadian Forces Exchange) System last October, the merchants' trade, they claim, has dropped 30 to 45 percent.

"We're damn well going to do something about it," vows Peter Rogerson, a haberdasher who's president of Oromocto Board of Trade. But about all they've been able to do is to write a letter to the army. The army owned and owned. They say there's no way they can match prices with Co-op, whose customers include 12,600 servicemen and their families, the base's civilian employees, and military personnel. Some complaints:

- A washing machine priced at \$280 on the plaza sells for \$120 in the Co-op store.
- A sports jacket that's \$30 at Co-op is \$45 on the plaza.
- On some hard goods (e.g. radios, TV sets) there's scarcely any difference, but variations on the base often result in a price less than in Oromocto.
- By underpricing civilian stores, the base manages to drive

grocery prices down from \$1.3 cents to 47.3 a gallon for regular grade and from \$6.7 to \$2.2 for premium. Each price differential carries its own explanation. Though the range of items is wide (virtually every personal and household need, except groceries, is displayed or offered by catalogue), the Costco store carries a limited selection and jams products its displays into 4,000 square feet of space that was once a military clubhouse. But the best exchange is flat advantage, as its rivals see it, a low overhead, with no real-estate taxes to pay and with building depreciation, lighting and heating all coming out of the store's income.

Col. H. E. Theobald, who boasts the store's commercial operations (the main, 16,000-sq-ft, a mezzanine, a car hobby shop), scoffs at the civilian merchant's claims about unfair competition. For one thing, he says, the store makes a "contribution to military needs" that might thus stand off otherwise. His argument is ironic, and unfairly hurting the merchants — just forcing them to bring down their "extraneous price" and improve "generally poor service."

Many newspapers and military personnel agree. One Okanagan business claims local prices were so "staggering" he used to drive 12 miles to Fredericton to shop. One soldier swears in Okanagan clothing store and to dip manufacturers' prices off only a few per cent.

For Col. Theobald, the big appeal of the Costco system is that Ottawa lets him keep nearly all his profits to provide recreational facilities for his personnel. With a gross take of \$450,000 in 1996 and even better prospects for '99, Theobald expects to

meet the town's recreation budget and build a \$10,000 swimming pool. But the civilian merchants fear another movement to Theobald's store price could well be a long way of empty stores in the Okanagan shopping plaza. GARY BENDERMAN

## One sculptor's racy revenge with an embarrassingly real Riel



JOHN THEOBALD, president of Saskatchewan, just not know much about art, but he knew what art doesn't like. And that includes the government's new statue of the Métis leader, Louis Riel, which stands defiant on the lawn outside his office.

And just as defiant, although not discernible from Theobald's window, are Riel's private parts, only visible points under his brief, male-to-female. Already loads of trucking schoolchildren are ducking to peek under Riel's skirt, and the sport seems bound to catch on among transit this summer.

The sculptor, John Nagent of

Regina, says that soon to be leaving the hot high, after a three-year dispute he had with the Thatcher government over what would or would not be a fitting representation of Riel. In truth, though, Nagent wishes he'd never become involved. "I've heard it was hard to work for a government," he says, "but that was too much."

The original concept was so abstract, "that was significant for people here, and I felt he had to be expressed in contemporary terms." Thatcher rejected that idea, demanding a realistic and truly representative of the Métis leader. So Nagent began a model similar to the statue now standing.

"Theobald didn't like that one either. He wanted him wearing a suitcoat," Nagent says incredulously. "I told them they could take or leave it." Agent Theobald's widow, the government took it, and the finished work was unveiled last October. Newsweek, now convinced that they are, mistakenly discovered that under his cloak, Riel wears no underpants.

As Nagent explained, "They want of a real one. They got one."

The government has already had some revenge against Nagent. His fee was supposed to be \$10,000, but when he got his cheque it was \$5,000 short. The amount he still owes on a government loan he got to build his studio on the nearby town of Lumsden.

"I'd like to see them for it," Nagent says, "but I can't afford to." Now, unless the government commissions someone else to perform some artistic surgery, it has a problem, but embarrassing, worse deal as in his hands. And perhaps it's appropriately symbolic. Riel's defenders have always claimed he was an effeminate. LINDA MCNEILL



drop off Karen in Dallas, the home of her parents. There to meet her at the airport was a local radio news reporter from a station in Victoria. Who had tipped them off?

Benett had excellent reasons to want he had friend out of the spotlight. Bad enough was Gagliardi's

## How one "rube" fooled all those city folk out there in radioland

THE ASSIGNMENT started out as a story about a type of vanishing Canadian: the kind of true rustic whose closeness to the land can still bring forth the simple truths that most city folk have forgotten or never knew. The particular man was Fred Dobbs, a farmer in Beauséville, Ont., who last summer started phoning in to *Grossart*, the sophisticated morning radio show hosted on CBC by actor Bruno Germain.

Dobbs had opinions on many subjects and expressed them in a rough old weatherman voice, punctuated by a wheezing laugh. "Hello there, Bruno," he would almost always begin, a long way from Beauséville to Toronto as the crew files. "I come as far as an asphalt driveway," he remarked one day. "It said 'It holds them up but keeps them out.' That's like Ottawa and the province. You can think of that old bracelet you might have the key to her." Where?

"I was where they came out," the Dark Ages in Ontario," he commented when the province scheduled a rite marking liquor-store conversion to sign for their purchases. "When you stop make" people feel guilty about having a drink, you on the right road."

Of course, listeners across the country were wincing in, describing Dobbs as an "outstanding Canadian." Apparently it was comforting to believe that down there in Beauséville, Ont.,

PETERSON ON THE FROWL



"It'd be weird if I hadn't diversified into explosives last year."

the good basic on-air story values still prevailed. Meanwhile, Fred Dobbs didn't have time to tattle with city folk. "A lot of people are trying to get hold of you," Bruno told him on one show. "I tell them you have an unlimited phone number."

"New year don't the right thing," mumbled Dobbs. "They said there was somebody coming around to see me. It's not a policeman, we're all right. Help him." Where?

The staff of *Grossart* said they didn't know how to get in touch with him either. "He just started phoning in last summer demanding to talk to Bruno," said Dianne Fier, the show's

producer. "Because he was pretty funny, we liked to put him on the air."

Determined to interview him, I checked Beauséville telephone numbers, the Beauséville post office, the Beauséville police, and the Ontario Provincial Police for the Nagent area. No Fred Dobbs. "For a presentist farmer, he's ahead of it," said the assistant. "He's a neo-rustic."

The vanishing Canadian had, indeed, vanished. Could it be that Fred Dobbs, that innocent, candidly honest old man would deserve Bruno Germain and the radio audience of Canada by taking a phony name? Sorry not. Or could it even be that

## The cunning plot that grounded Flying Phil Gagliardi

BACK IN MARCH 1961, the entry of British Columbia's highways minister, Philip Arthur (Flying Phil) Gagliardi, was grounded along with a government. Last year, former W. A. C. Bennett denied his flamboyant political career to monster-wildlife portfolio, and left \$35,500 salary in half and salary cuts to disqualify him from a fourth cabinet. All this was the direct result of a family air accident in Texas, an ill-fated "indiscretion" that not even Flying Phil seemed able to

explain, since he had been dodging flight from the press for weeks over land deals involving his two sons.

Conspicuous are seldom simple, however, in the Machiavellian world of BC politics. America's has been informed that the Gagliardi family's flight into danger was artfully contrived by the Social Crediters and known to W. A. C. Bennett himself. The purpose to draw opposition fire from riper targets, and to ground Flying Phil to step down with his bossy brand but intact.

The Gagliardi affair centred on a free ride for his daughter-in-law, Karen, and her downstart-in-law son, should the highway department's last jet. The destination was supposed to be Wichita, Kansas, for servicing, but pilot Bert Tegen diverted 400 miles to



seven during overflows and his about of the government plan, with hope to his home in Kamloops, to religious meetings as far as ground in Columbia, Ohio, and Anchorage, Alaska. Don was were operation demands for a public inquiry into since recently provided speculation by his sons, Rick, 27, and Bill, 24. The brothers had grossed \$400,000, mostly from buying and selling movie posters along proposed highway routes. Gagliardi defended himself emotionally in the legislature, alleging a gangster plot to ruin him and the government. Back to top.

Ray Perrault, now a Liberal MP from Burnaby-Seymour and then leader of the BC party, received a spoof about the Texas flight. The word came first to Barry Clark, a member of the

Liberal caucus, by way of an anonymous tipster who said he was an employee of the Kamloops airport. Clark relayed the information to Perrault who gave the go-ahead. The Liberals contacted a Dallas radio reporter, who taped evidence of the flight when Karen stepped off the plane. NDP leaders were informed. (The Perraults suspect that the information leak had engaged with the government? "I just didn't know," he says. Dr. Phil McGinnis, the current BC Liberal leader, says the plot was intricate: "In fact, it's a can't see." Dave Barrett, an MLA who serves as financial critic for the NDP, says any connection with Bennett is "rumor and speculation.")

But a Member's informant who was done to the printer's office has a different story. "Bennett's cabinet was

split on Gagliardi and he had to go," he says. "Bennett didn't want to sack Gagliardi on the basis of the land charges. The question was raised as to how Gagliardi could resign without precipitating a political breakdown. It was suggested that some members of Gagliardi's family be put on the government plane and sent off somewhere. Then the opposition would be tipped off through some source they could trust. They could catch Gagliardi out and make appropriate bid. Gagliardi himself was aware of the scheme. The tipoff was made through sources that seemed unimpeachable. It was the greatest red herring in the history of Canadian politics. The opposition are still congratulating themselves on how they finally 'got' Gagliardi. The whole thing is ludicrous." JAY ANNE

front never had been any former, of any fame, phoning in from Brampton? No, that couldn't be, for the Genuis staff would have had to be in on the deception, and these were the men described in a CBC press release last summer as "people with solid respect for privacy."

One evening, several phone calls later, I sat in the coffee shop of a Toronto hotel, discussing with a tall, dark, smiling 35-year-old man named Michael Magee his career as a sportscaster. He was your complete urban man, born in Toronto, nine years in Vancouver as an actor, back in Toronto working as a freelance broadcaster.

"I'd be sitting in Toronto," he said, with a trace of a familiar lispic



living. "Actors have to act every day to achieve expertise, but in Canada they don't have the chance to develop."

It seemed the right moment. "How long did it take you to develop the character of Fred Dobbs?"

Magee's face didn't change. "It was not developed," he said softly. "It's something I don't discuss. If I did, I wouldn't be employed."

Well, that's sort of an admission, as the show flies, and Magee recognized a cue. "If you have confidence, good, like a character you do," he said. "It may be an extension of you. You're not developing it. I look on the job as an outlet, not a book."

The CBC, I gathered, was understandably uneasy about the whole setup, and now it seemed possible the corporation might decide any day to tell off. If that meant removing Dobbs from the airwaves, it would disappoint a lot of his fans. How important is it, really, whether a Fred Dobbs actually exists in Brampton or exists within Michael Magee?

The way Magee is going, anyway, he might just turn into a hamlet in rural Ontario.

"I like to think," he says, "that some day I will be a wacky old man sitting in a hotel lobby waving my cane and getting mad at the government."

SANDRA PERROD

## EDITORIAL

# A MAGAZINE CAN DIG DEEPLY INTO EVENTS...

MY MOVE FROM the CTV network to Maclean's prompted a flurry of questions. Mostly they divided into two categories: what directions do you contemplate for the magazine and why move from television to print when most of the traffic has been going the other way?

What directions for Maclean's? The answer is determined in large part by what the magazine is. The masthead bears the legend, Canada's National Magazine, and every reader survey affirms the claim. Today with its circulation higher than at any time in its 65-year history, Maclean's is read by one of every four adult Canadians — almost 3,000,000 men, women and young people who are by and large above the national average in education and income. Maclean's offers a unique opportunity to speak to their wide range of interests and concerns.

Since Maclean's is Canada's National Magazine, its first responsibility is to mirror Canada to Canadians in all its aspects, not just the problems, but the achievements, the growing pains, the excitement and, of course, the fun. A magazine can dig deeply into events and present them comprehensively and in broad perspective. And coming fresh to the challenge there are a host of subjects on which I have strong feelings and concerning which I want to stimulate, inform, persuade, perhaps sometimes to argue.

What's coming up in Maclean's?

Continuing the magazine's reputation for tough, investigative reporting, Maclean's writers are at work on a number of important stories of national concern. They will appear over the next few months.

No influence touches our lives more than politics. You will be reading more in Maclean's about how politics works and how it affects you, not top-of-the-head reportage but the product of persistent, hard-earned investigation.

PLATFORM is a new monthly feature. Three informed and fiercely partisan political figures — Tony Dethlefsen, Liberal Keith Davey and Socialist Lester LaPointe — will be regular contributors.

The burgeoning world of entertainment will get increased emphasis with the addition of new features and new writers. We'll be devoting a full page each to new films, new books, new stage productions and to the world of television.

There is more that is new and fresh in the works. There will be more use of color on our pages, stronger, more vivid presentations of travel, fashion and the world of the young.

And I shall continue to appear on television. In my view the electronic and print media are not competitors. Each is unique. Each does some things better than the other. I know better than most the power of television, I also know the impact and the lasting influence of print. As Editor of Maclean's, my commitment is to make it more data ever Canada's National Magazine.

*Charles B. Taylor*

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## PAULINE



## JEWETT

**You're the prime minister. You want constitutional reform—but the public and many politicians apparently couldn't care less. How can you stir their interest? Here are some things you could do, Mr. Trudeau...**

DO DIFFICULTY THINGS about constitutional reform in getting any sustained media coverage in it. People — both English- and French-speaking Canadians — just can't get terribly excited about the Senate, the monarchy, the Supreme Court, an entrenched Bill of Rights, or even the distribution of power between Ottawa and the provinces. They enjoy watching the televised proceedings of federal-provincial constitutional conferences, but their interest is most keen in the personalities involved than in the issues under discussion.

Of course, if the Senate began exercising its latent legislative power, or the Queen started advising on the role of the Governor General, or the federal government began challenging provincial legislation, or freedom of speech were suddenly curtailed people would undoubtedly become aroused. They would want to know exactly what was in the BNA Act and what wasn't, and why something hasn't been done to bring the constitution into the 20th century.

But as long as governmental structures and processes respond reasonably adequately to people's changing needs and aspirations, why going to worry about constitutional reform? A few academics perhaps, a few editorial writers, a few members of youth wings of political parties. That's about it.

Even provincial premiers and prime ministers show little inclination to debate constitutional issues at length. In fact, before the last conference got under way, most of them made it clear that what they really wanted to talk about was money, particularly the needs of the provincial governments for more of it. At the conference itself, having succeeded in getting fiscal matters on the agenda, they exhibited a good deal more vigor in the discussion of these matters than in the federal government's proposals for entrenching language rights. Senate reform, and so on.

All of which must be discouraging for a prime minister who wants to "dialogue" with the people on the constitution, whose strongest conviction is that only with constitutional change can all elements in Canadian life — all regions and provinces as well as the two major language groups — participate effectively and authoritatively in the governing of the nation as a whole.

The prime minister should not despair, however. The fact that people are hard to interest in constitutional issues does not mean that they are not being "educated" toward them. Take the matter of language rights. A few years ago few people had given it much thought, let alone active support. The situation is quite different today. When the respondents in a recent poll conducted by Peter Russell were asked, "Are you in favor of bilingual facilities across Canada when there are large numbers of French Canadians?" 73 percent said yes, only 21 percent said no and only six percent had no opinion. Furthermore, 90 percent (both French- and English-speaking) were in favor in Quebec, 70 percent in Ontario and 61 percent in the west.

Which suggests that the time may not be far off when language rights will be seen as a legitimate constitutional issue on which the legislatures ought to be consulted. Indeed, I think it is not too optimistic to expect some dramatic achievements by the time the provincial leaders and the prime minister meet again in Quebec. 70 percent in Ontario and six more likely on the French front.

So should the prime minister be expected to dispense with television as

the most constitutional conference. One can understand why he might be so sceptical since, as chairman of such conferences, he must be reasonably impartial. He cannot present the case for constitutional reform as forcefully as he would do when he was minister of justice. But the TV cameras are there for interviews during conference breaks. And other members can be met much more frequently, and more effectively, to explain the federal government's proposals than they were last time.

Indeed, the prime minister will surely use several of his ministers, particularly the minister of justice, to play a key role at the next constitutional conference. The big issues will undoubtedly be the taxing and spending powers of the federal government. Under the present constitution, as is widely interpreted, these powers are virtually unlimited. Since the government is unlikely to propose that they be constitutionally restricted, it will need plenty of muscle for the ensuing debate with the provinces.

Now the Ottawa is likely to defend the status quo and nothing more. For the past several months, in fact, the federal government has been railing over the idea it should follow when exercising its spending power in areas of provincial jurisdiction. Should it get the consent of all the provinces before acting — before starting all over again on Medicare, for example? Would it be enough to have the consent of a majority, those particularly affected? More important still, should the consent, whatever its form, be a constitutional requirement? This would be a really novel proposal. It would arouse and hold the interest not only of provincial premiers and prime minister but even, quite possibly, of the viewing public as well.

In the meantime, if the prime minister wants to speed up the reform process on some of the constitutional proposals already put forth — concerning the Senate and the Supreme Court, for example — he might try the old-fashioned technique of parliamentary debate. So far only one day has been set aside for debate on the government's constitutional proposals and it didn't shed very much light on the subject. A three- or four-day debate might prove more useful.

A parliamentary committee might prove useful too, since committees get more coverage in the media nowadays than most parliamentary divisions. Now always the best coverage, of course, is from the floor. The disadvantage of a floor debate is that it is a point of view, but a committee would undoubtedly be an effective debating force. □

## Why Herb Edelman uses a Pitney-Bowes postage meter to mail as few as two letters a day.



At the top of Herb's invoice, it says: Herb's Auto Supplies — Everything! — and he's not kidding!

His store is full of cringing in car parts, bicycles, dog collars, snow shovels, TV, appliances and a whole lot of other stuff. It's another level of shoving customers a real progressive customer service. 2 Also gives his business a plug by printing a small ad banner on each bill along with the meter stamp. ("Advertising only one half")

Herb has been on the "everything" business for 8 years and, in the last year, he's put two months' worth of mail in one of our little desk model postage meters mixed with his bills to pump and send his mail. For although Herb only mails about half a letter a month, these are very important letters to him and he wants them to look beautiful.

Herb tells that the neat stamp of the postage meter makes a good impression on people like, "big clothes a good car". It's another level of shoving customers a real progressive customer service. 2 Also gives his business a plug by printing a small ad banner on each bill along with the meter stamp. ("Advertising only one half")

And he likes the way the meter looks a record of the great customer service he gives. It's rational that each user of a Pitney-Bowes postage meter picks a line of the many reasons for using it. While it's true that each one's reasons are different.

Herb has benefited all while you want to see on the men you buy a bill from. He also has good young business ideas. And with all that going for him, chances are his little Pitney-Bowes meter will soon be working a lot faster. A bill to any Pitney-Bowes office will bring out a representative happy to give you a free demonstration. Do call.



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For a free brochure, write Pitney-Bowes of Canada Ltd., Dept. 100, 100 King St. East, Toronto, Ontario M5X 1C5. In Canada, call 1-800-367-8222. Outside Canada, call 1-800-367-8222. Pitney-Bowes is a registered trademark of Pitney-Bowes Inc.



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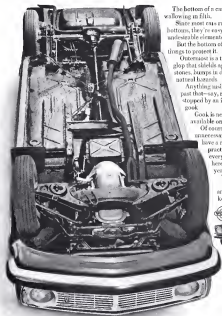








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Price subject's estimate. See him soon.



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## MAILBAG from page 10

on experience in German military performance contribute to the relaxation of tensions in central Europe and the world's most explosive piece of real estate? —**PROF. PETER V. LOSE, SCHAUBER (UNIVERSITY), GENTNA, SWITZERLAND**

### Goggles in the 'wasteland'

The good British M&S writing team of TV's *Comedy City* from Montreal are in this hell now, getting laughs in Toronto (in *The Road of Comedy: Ready, Ready For Time Two*).

**Goggles' Reports:** They will go more laughs when they visit their Montreal (wasteland) audience here. The team's John Morgan is quoted: "Shows are taped before a live audience. Any time the show gets on a race is spread off the microphone." One look at Toronto and the Montreal audience would not laugh at the last lines. On evidence of right (and bad) work, it proves it the best. So M&S's best lines may never reach us here in any further-long Toronto P. MONTREAL, QUEBEC

### Americans in Canada

Somewhere I doubt that the American population is very worried about Joe Roubin's contention that "the hidden masses of the American middle class journey to invade five are swimming in Canada in search of a water hole" (*The American Who Found His True Port*). The 19,016 people who "swam" to Canada in 1967 amount to less than one hundredth of one percent of the total American population.

A. J. MONTREAL, QUEBEC

**W:** During the past year, we've been so quizzing ourselves with Canadian public opinion, TV and radio. It's all quite revealing about our view of the American. Yours hardly really surprised us. Montreal from the suburbs of New York. I wondered just what your article or report was trying to prove to your Canadian readers. I wondered if they or you knew anything about the Negroes who swam from New York to the States. Why, why, and are they happy here? I was dead if you knew that there are a few who come well-bred, well-educated and seeking a chance to start equally with their fellow man. I wondered if you knew it was the Barry J. Jolles of the world we were trying to escape. Poor Canada — the millionaires and the Americans, but what will they do with the dirt they will think across her carpet? And they won't know my what business — here well I know them, having been here in the photo of Jolles, then moving to the well-bred, high class photo of the suburbs. For the first time in my life, here in beautiful Montreal. I don't live in a ghetto. My pleasure has been here in Canada is that my children may be educated to the point and discipline that only a white American can have. And his country America of Americans (not effect) I pray this land, the wonderful land, is nice enough that "never the twain shall meet."

WILLIAM J. JOLLES, MONTREAL

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**Obeying the biological need to group together with other males, men exert dominance over women in social organization, fighting, hunting, making deals—in running things**

One of the main implications of his findings would seem to be that men are naturally superior, at least in their capacity for social organization. Not superior, actually, but *different*. Men's flair for organization, fighting, hunting, making deals — for running things — is balanced by women's biologically-programmed propensity for hearth and home. Both roles are, or were, equally important, Tiger believes, for the survival of the species. Still, to a certain kind of emancipated woman, Tiger's bland assurance that nature never intended her to be minister of defense is infuriating. Accordingly, he's become skilled at defending himself in man-woman debates. "A few months ago I was being interviewed on television, and the interviewer was gorgeous," Tiger recalls. "She said to me, 'You mean I'm not capable of being prime minister?' and I looked at her and said, 'Of course not. You're too beautiful.' She blushed, she actually blushed, and cut off the interview. This part was never broadcast." When he was being interviewed by Barbara Amiel of the CBC's *The Way It Is*, they went to a zoo. Tiger's theory derives from analogies of animal behavior, though not by direct comparison, and the monkey cages were deemed to be an appropriate backdrop. "The trouble was the dump found her as attractive as everyone else did and kept grabbing through the bars at Barbara. That interview didn't go too well either."

Tiger looks a little like an immense chimpanzee himself. A decade or so of postgraduate chop-choop from McGill to the London School of Economics to the University of British Columbia in Rogers University, where he now teaches, has given him, in addition to his doctorate in sociology, a distinctly mid-Atlantic style: English bag-checked suits, Roca-Barry bow ties, a leather sweater that looks like one of Trudeau's head-ne-downs, and a fast, witty mode of expression that owes much to his origins in Montreal, where he grew up a few blocks from Maurice Richier's stained neighborhood and, like Richier, Irving Layton and David Lewis, graduated from Baron Byng High School.

He is fond of outlandish analogies to illustrate his theory.

"I make the point that women, because they're women, find it hard to be taken seriously in politics. Look, suppose the Italians were colonizing the west they exported to Canada. So we declare war on Italy. Now suppose there's an armistice. And suppose that Sophia Loren is the prime minister of Italy. We have peace talks. Trudeau and Sophia lock themselves up in a room for four days. If there were two men in that room, the world would assume they were bargaining for peace. But with Pierre and Sophia, what's the world going to think they're up to?"

He got wondering about men and women, in an academic way, some six years ago. A student in one of his sociology classes at UBC asked him why so few

women succeed in politics. "I gave him the usual answer," Tiger recalls. "Women have been shut out by men, they require more and better education, when the millennium comes we shall have a female minister of war. Then I thought about it and realized that that was no answer at all and might be the product of a liberal reflex rather than a scientific analysis."

Tiger began looking for an explanation in the traditional scholarly way by reading and thinking, assisted by naming of Canada Council grants. Although his training was in sociology, he began searching back beyond human origins, to the animal kingdom, for answers.

That put him on one of the most fashionable streams of current scholarship. Ever since the late 1950s, the conviction has been growing that we'll learn some critical and fundamental things about human beings as part of the natural order by studying animals as well as people. This new emphasis on the animality of man has caused a small revolution among some scholarly perceptions of human societies.

Ever since Darwin, it's been known that various species rose through biological adaptations to their environment. But it wasn't until fairly recently that the idea took root that animal behavior is as much an environmental adaptation as prehensile toes or the polar bear's white fur. Why do blackbirds, when they perch on telephone wires, arrange themselves so that there is an equal distance between each of them? Why do some species of tropical fish, when placed in an aquarium, attack members of their own species but leave fish of other species alone? Why, for that matter, do human animals form families, hierarchies and nations and persist in killing their own kind? Darwin's discovery of natural selection showed that all such traits, physical or behavioral, must have been useful at some stage in evolution in ensuring the survival of the species. Thus the human sciences — psychology, anthropology, sociology — are increasingly turning to ethology (the study of animal behavior) for insights into why and how people act the way they do. This trend has produced a spate of books on the animal origins of human behavior and institutions. Several of them have surprised their authors by becoming best sellers.

In *African Genesis* and *The Terraced Imperative*, Chicago-born playwrights Robert Ardrey synthesized more than a decade of layman's research into what science was finding out about animal behavior and human origins. Both books were deeply pessimistic, for Ardrey's analyses tended to emphasize the inherently aggressive nature of man.

Kenneth Lorenz, an Austrian biologist, compressed a lifetime's study of animal behavior into a book called *The Aggression*. Originally, he argues, the aggressive instinct was a tool of biological survival; animals used it to defend their separate territories against other members of their species. Lorenz also shows how in



**Why aren't women equal? They lack the urge to band together. They can't be organizers. They have another role, equally important: they're biologically programmed for hearth and home**

hearing events that are easily capable of killing each other, the aggressive instinct has been inhibited to avoid the possibility of a species killing itself off. Man's crucial problem, however, is that he lacks this inhibitory instinct.

Tiger's argument rests on the same ethological foundations. But he argues that our aspect of animal behavior — the male bond — that Lewis and Audrey severely mention, and speculates that, for a number of species including man, it may have been one of the central mechanisms of evolution.

The earliest certainly operates among baboons (a species so successful that it lives they probably outnumber people). In any baboon troop, three or four males, single out each other for special preferences: this "male code" dominates the troop and reserves mating privileges. Other primates, including chimpanzees, act the same way.

The question is, why? Tiger theorizes that, in any primate society that lives on the ground instead of in trees, social organization becomes especially crucial to survival. Instead of fleeing up the nearest tree, land-dwelling primates must organize to protect themselves. The bonding instinct was the means by which this was achieved. A group of apes that "bonded" a subgroup of dominant males, and that excluded females from its bonding parties would have a better chance of survival than a group that did not. Thus, Tiger theorizes, the bonding propensity between males was not simply a matter of preference based on the physical differences between the sexes, males were actually programmed genetically to feel a positive attraction for each other's company. And this attraction was so crucial to the survival of the species that the male bond became males and females.

From there, Tiger moves to a wide-ranging territory of human societies, and looks that in all cultures, men and women behave surprisingly like male and female baboons. It seems to be a human constant, for instance, that women play a subordinate role in politics. "When a community desires



*Sociologist-author Lionel Tiger. Does it take women work. And why they don't have it — perhaps never will.*

with its most vital problems, when statements of interest and external experience are made," he writes, "when — particularly in warfare — decisive actions must be taken — in these times females do not participate. The public forum is a male forum." There are also far fewer women's organizations than men's, and they tend to have far less effect on the political life of a community.

The same structure applies to women at work. Since all economic activity is an extrapolation from the hunting of our primate ancestors, Tiger suggests, there is an intensive animosity less against women who "hunt." Those who do are positioned by exclusion from the reproductive process (The Anger of psychology, he notes, had to cut off one breast so they could wield their bows and arrows properly. He cites statistics showing that American women seldom achieve parity — and if they do, have fewer children than the average.) Tiger also looks at patterns of male dominance in three primitive communities, including the Newfoundland outpost of Gai'wharuk, where the men put first, women and children afterward and where womanly behavior results are referred to in the masculine, likely and convertible basis in "he."

Men As Groups also discusses a chapter to male social structure, which comes in nearly every culture from Doris Lessie to Fiat Row at UBC. Tiger's intuition corroborates, he concludes, an assumption to the male bond in courting ceremonies and to the male-female relationship. This is because male societies, biologically speaking, are the means by which apes

proceed to achieve. Whenever men have an all-male society, its purpose might easily become aggressive, although not necessarily violently so (i.e., the group tries to force or persuade outsiders to do something the group wants them to do).

The male-bond theory collides with a lot of distinguished evidence, including the prevailing notion that women are treated as second-class citizens, because of some male conspiracy that can be corrected if enough women sign enough petitions. Tiger, who is livid at the loss of male participation in politics, suggests it may not be that easy. "If you passed a law saying that only women could be elected to parliament," he says, "I suspect that it would be a pretty ineffective parliament, but if there were quotas for women in a lot of areas — politics, industry, the professions — then they might well become more effective and more humane. But to do that we're looking history, so we shouldn't let ourselves that it's going to be easy. It is infinitely more complex than achieving moral equity."

He has nothing but violence for the Royal Commission on the Status of Women. "It's ridiculous for them to be tramping all over the country, asking what women's grievances are. That should be obvious to men's schools, job discrimination. What they should be looking at is women's behavior. The Pill and its biological effects are fantastic departures from millions of years of genetic history, and they are beginning to have some effect on the way women behave." In conversation, he refers to the commission's chairman (all right, chairman) as "Amen Tien."

For the record, the originator of the male-bond theory is married to a Toronto girl named Whitney, who is completing her doctorate in English literature this summer and also teaches at Rutgers. And what does she think of the proposition that women, as a result of biological programming, are not equipped to run the institutions that men have built? "She's not over-estimated," says Tiger. "She's just smart." □

# 1969 Buick Wildcat.



## No wonder Buick owners keep selling Buicks for us.

**The 1969 Wildcat**  
With such a name, not just good looks for you to talk about.

There's a 430 cubic inch V6, for example, and a unique new suspension system. It's an engineering breakthrough that gives you more stability without sacrificing Buick's traditional riding comfort.

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# The nose knows



A good dry gin isn't perfume. And a good dry gin should be as kind to the nose as it is to the taste. Ranchman's Dry is.

As a matter of fact, distilling Ranchman's the way we do... to a true London formula... about the only difference between us and an English import, is that Ranchman's hasn't cost you an expensive ocean voyage.

First, take a sniff of Ranchman's Dry. (We don't think you'll stop there.)

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# You don't have to live in a new home to enjoy electric heating

Thirtysix years ago, Audrey and Doug Lindsay moved into this handsome 90-year-old house in Port Arthur. Everything was just fine—except the heating. The casting system was simply not good enough for a family that likes to keep comfortable in one of the chillier corners of Ontario.

The Lindsays called in an electrical contractor and converted to all-electric heating. Now that he's had time to test the efficiency of his new heating system, Doug Lindsay says, "You just can't think of any other types of heating if electric heat is possible."

Nearly 7,000 homes of all sizes and all ages have been converted to electric heating in Ontario. The Lindsays' experience is typical of what can be achieved in an older home. Though their annual heating bill is about the same, the Lindsays get far better value because since conversion to electricity they have been able to increase the living area of their home by 50%.

Moving the furnace and a single of pipes out of the basement released a whole new floor for the family to use. Now, the basement is a clean, bright, comfortable recreation room and study.



Mr. & Mrs. D. E. Lindsay's home in Port Arthur

## the Lindsays agree

Apart from the bonus of an extra floor, what do the Lindsays like about electric heating?

Mrs. Lindsay: "Individual room warmth. For me, that's important. I can turn the heat up or down in any room without the hassle getting too warm or too cool. Electric heat is more comfortable, too, because it's even heat."

Mr. Lindsay: "I like my new den. It's heated comfortably now, and I enjoy that. I think that health-wise there's a lot to be said for electric heat. For example, there are no drafts."



Thanks to the modernized room temperature control, the Lindsays are always comfortable

While the contractors were in, the Lindsays decided to modernize their entire electrical system. Now, that 90-year-old house is completely up-to-date electrically; they have wiring and outlets to take all the appliances they need, both inside the house and out. They've added convenience to comfort.

Whatever the age of your house, the comfort of all-electric living is within your reach. Call a qualified electrical contractor for details—or ask your Hydro The Hydro Finance Plan can help you get started right away.



# MY FRIEND, RICHARD NIXON



Two well-dressed, middle-aged foreigners, dodging their Russian escorts through Moscow's streets at midnight to search for Nikita Khrushchov. One was a Canadian premier, one a future president of the U. S. Were they spying? Were they drunk?

Khrushchov was in Moscow when we went looking for him. Khrushchov was not later by some newspapers he had been drunk or at any rate tipsy. Not so Mr. Nixon is a very shrewd, shrewd, and I am a total abuser. We were cold sober. Why would you have to be under the influence of liquor to go looking for Khrushchov? All Nixon wanted was to have a brief chat with

him—nothing more. As he told me, "We are both out of a job." Khrushchov was at that moment, in April 1955 a "non person." He was in retirement, and he was overboard of time in Moscow. Nixon had been defeated for the presidency. They were both of them men who lacked the authority of office. Of the three of us, I was the only one who still had a little authority.

Several times throughout that busy day in Moscow Nixon had confided to me that had he to see old Khrushchov and make acquaintance with him. They had not met since their famous kitchen debate, when a large part of the world looked and listened in fascination while the Vice-President of the United States and the leader of one quarter of a billion people in the Soviet Union slugged it out orally on

BY PREMIER JOSEPH R. SMALLWOOD

## NIXON continued

the reform merits of the free-market price system and the Communist way of life. That was a furious battle, and now Nixon, finding himself in Moscow, wanted to say hello to his old adversary. He knew that this would not be easy, for relations in the Soviet Union are supposed to be little seen and not heard at all.

**T**o meet Khrushchev, we had to throw the secret police off our trail. We slipped out into the Moscow night . . .

To make it worse, we were accompanied by two watch-finders from Moscow every day of the day, from the moment we got off the train in Moscow that morning. There were some in our group who thought that the watch-finders had even more powerful connections — that they represented, indeed not merely unknown but the secret police of the Soviet Union. They were extremely officious, friendly and charming. Perhaps they were only innocent officials, after all, although the one assigned to me had the rank of colonel and told me that he had acted as interpreter for her government in half a dozen countries around the world. Secret agents or not, they kept a sharp eye on us, and seemed ever lit as out of their sight. The slightest move to see Khrushchev would surely have been noted and promptly reported. Nixon assumed that a meeting with Khrushchev was one of the last things the Soviet authorities wanted for him. But he mentioned it to me several times through the day, and I could see that his reality was serious in most Khrushchev.

We were in the Moscow Hotel that Saturday night, five or six of us gathered at the one table for a late dinner around 10 o'clock. We were enjoying the meal when I was called to the telephone. It was David Levy, then the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's resident correspondent in Moscow. He asked me if he could come and see us. When he did, I pulled up a chair for him at the table and we started talking, my eyes next to Richard Nixon, and

Levy sat to me, and I whispered to him Nixon's wish that he meet Khrushchev. David Levy said he thought this could be done. He knew where Khrushchev lived in Moscow, and I asked him if he would find us there. He said he would, and told me that he spoke and understood Russian pretty fluently. I asked him how we were going to shake any surveillance we might encounter he said he thought that should not be too difficult. I whispered the situation to Nixon and he agreed promptly that we should give it a try.

Levy had his portable recording outfit with him, so he soon after spoke up and asked Nixon and me if we would go out of the dining room and do a recorded interview. All three of us went out into the lobby and, without coats or hats, went out to the curb and got ahead a taxi. We drove to the apartment building where David Levy had his home, two or three miles away, went in and killed a little time chatting with Levy and his wife. Then we telephoned for another taxi. Judging the time we were in the corner of the building and bounded the taxi just as it arrived. We drove to the Canadian Embassy, and paid off the taxi and went inside. We killed a little time in there, then the three of us came out and walked down the street. The big apartment building in which Khrushchev had his flat was in that very same block. We entered several men hanging immediately about the place, and we agreed they were probably plainclothes policemen.

We got to the apartment building and entered the main door. There were two women sitting in the lobby, one in her 40s and the other considerably younger. The older woman appeared to be in charge. They both wore heavy tap coats, and the older one, especially did not let her guard down for a moment. We were quite obviously suspicious characters, especially after David Levy told her in Russian who Nixon was and the purpose of our visit. She shook her head, but Levy insisted sharply and she finally agreed to report to the building superintendent. She sent the younger woman off, and we waited.

The younger woman returned after an absence of nearly 10 minutes (long enough to have some coffee, coffee and instructions received) and told

us that Khrushchev was not in his apartment. He was at his dacha, his country house outside Moscow. That ended our hope of meeting Khrushchev. Nixon got a sheet of paper from Levy and wrote in it, in English, a brief note: "Dear Mr. Khrushchev: I called on you to renew our acquaintance, but am sorry to find you are not at home. My wife and I send you our greetings, and hope that Mrs. Khrushchev is well." He signed it Richard M. Nixon. I think that Levy wrote something in Russian on the other side, possibly a translation of Nixon's note. Nixon gave it to the older woman, and Levy insisted that she take the note be delivered to Khrushchev. We walked back to the Canadian Embassy, sat for a cab and were driven at breakneck speed (the normal speed of Moscow taxis, I am told) back to the hotel. It was by now well past midnight.

It was Saturday night, it was past midnight, and an editorial writer in a Canadian newspaper later suggested that this was a very familiar situation: a couple of men out on the town, feeling just right and deciding suddenly "Let's go out and call on Khrushchev." But I repeat, we were about sober.

**K**ennedy's assassination, the Klan, John Birch Society — how, Russians asked, were such things possible?

What a day that was in Moscow! It included a visit to the spectacular Moscow University, whose vast complex of buildings sprawling over a huge acreage is surrounded by a dignified park should almost into the air. I had previously seen a beautiful model of the university in the Soviet Union exhibition at the World's Fair in Brussels when the four Atlantic Provinces' premiers were the guests of the late Lord Beaverbrook. I was looking forward eagerly to the visit, but I got more than I had bargained for.

We were ushered in through the main entrance of the university and taken to an elevator to visit

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most have been the top floor. There we got off and were ushered into a large room to be met by the vice-rector of the university. The visitor himself being away at the time. We were seated at a table. There were perhaps 40 or 50 other persons present, some of whom appeared to be students. Our [female] ladies went with us and we sat around as the vice-rector.

The vice-rector began by expressing what he described as warm greetings to the visitors, and said that he welcomed especially the presence of Mr. Nixon, because he hoped that this visit would enable him to find out something from Nixon that puzzled people in the Soviet Union. How was it possible for the President of the United States to be assassinated? How was it possible for such a thing as the John Birch Society to exist? How could there be such a thing as the Ku Klux Klan? These questions were considerably embellished with remarks that, I could see, made Nixon angry. I looked at him and of the corner of my eye (we sat together) and I was afraid that he was going to lose his temper in his reply. He didn't, however; instead, he replied patiently and calmly.

Yes, he admitted, the assassination of President Kennedy was a terrible thing and all Americans were shocked and horrified by it. Yes, it was difficult to explain such incidents as the John Birch Society, the Ku Klux Klan and similar organizations in the United States. But although he was not able to explain satisfactorily these unpleasant sides to American life, he thought he should endeavor to give answers to some questions that were troubling people in the United States when they looked at the Soviet Union. What happened to Bern? What about the recent police? Why was Khrushchev afterward? And so on and so on, he'll ask a dozen questions which made me feel a little embarrassed, not for my own sake (after all, I had had nothing to do with these matters) but for the sake of the vice-rector. However, the vice-rector made no reply except to ask me to say a word. I said that I came from a small country, Canada, small from the population standpoint — a mere 26 million, though in proportion to its size, the relationship between the Soviet Union and the

United States. I remarked that Canada had to live between these two great giants, and that our greatest hope was that peace could be maintained between them.

Then I said a joke on them. It fell flatter than any joke in human history. I suggested that it might be an idea if, in the interests of peace and understanding between the peoples of the

**A** knock on the door, and there was Nixon, charming, absolutely natural, not a sign of stuffed shirt or high hat

two great powers, there was an exchange of these out-of-office personalities, Nixon and Khrushchev. How would it be if Khrushchev went over to the United States and ran for president, and Nixon came to the Soviet Union and ran for premier? If the vice-rector had had a glass eye it might have shown a little more human understanding, even a wee bit of amusement. My will was greeted with stern silence.

It was only three days before this that I met Nixon for the first time. It was in Helsinki, and we were both there on the same business, he as lawyer for Lin & Shulman's firm, which was trying to get a pulp-mill-paper mill built in Newfoundland, and I as the one who was urging him on to this purpose. We were negotiating with a large pulp-mill company in Finland with a view to having the Finnish firm build and manage the paper mill in Newfoundland. Nixon's firm represented the Shulman company and we came from different divisions in Helsinki. I arrived a few hours after the others, and I had no sooner got into my room than there was a knock on the door and there was Richard Nixon with hand outstretched in greeting. I found readily that he was a man of charming friendliness, absolutely natural and friendly, and like thousands of men you might meet in any hotel or house or on the street anywhere. There was no slightest sign of stuffed shirt, high hat, he was just a natural human being affable and unafforded. I took to him

at once, and I noticed whenever we met thereafter he was the same plain, unaffected, friendly American.

It was in Finland that I got my first taste of Nixon as a speaker. We were being entertained in the home of a paper-mill executive and there were 30 to 40 persons present. There was a short, colorful speech of welcome from our host, and I was the first to reply, very briefly. Nixon made a speech that surprised me. He was talking about the Peace, and the gallant story of the Finnish nation. I actually saw tears in the eyes of some of these hard-bitten Finnish businessmen, and I realized that Richard Nixon was himself a man of no little emotion. That wasn't acting.

I heard him speak several times afterward. In Montreal he and I were guests at a luncheon meeting, and he held that audience enthralled. His subject was the Vietnam war, and I am free to confess that though I have been persistently opposed to that war, I just couldn't help being impressed by the common skill and very vivid sincerity of Nixon's argument in favor of the United States' position. It was one of the most competent speeches I have ever heard, and it was the only time when for some reason I did not need to my personal opposition to that war. It was the only real defense I have ever heard of the American position.

Another time I heard Nixon speak in New York, and again it was a luncheon meeting, at the Union League Club. I think. Again he said I were the speakers, and again I saw the

**H**ow would you go about seeking the Republican nomination if you were I? Nixon asked

me's enormous talent in speaking. It is not only that he has great clarity of expression, and excellent reasoning, but it is that the man himself is one of the most convincing persons I ever heard speak, and I have heard a lot. On all these occasions the man's capacity came through, and somehow I couldn't help remembering how it

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## NIXON continued

used to be said of Lester B. Pearson that he was at his best as small groups. I had, of course, seen and heard Nixon on television during the Kennedy-Nixon presidential contest, but in these small groups he seemed to be an entirely different man. Different, and altogether attractive.

Nixon went to Ottawa and met with the highest members of the government of that day, and one of them, a close personal friend of mine, who had no use for Nixon before, admitted to me later that he was deeply impressed, as were all of his colleagues, by Richard Nixon's personality. I was then at three quarters in his New York apartment, when it was one of the guests at a small party. He was full of fun, cracking jokes, and all of it (unless I am in error) straight and natural and genuine. It was easy to see that the other guests were fond of him, and that he was fond of them. Here was no political candidate on the make, but a very genuine, friendly man.

Perhaps the most interesting detail I had with Nixon was in Paris. I was there on business when he arrived, accompanied by his wife and two daughters and some friends. That was the first time I met the members of Nixon's family. After his wife and daughters went night-clubbing or shopping, Nixon and his two friends had I was left alone in the room, and after we had chatted about this and that for a while, Nixon turned to one of his American friends and asked him quite frankly, "How would you go about seeking the Republican nomination if you were I?"

The man went into an extremely interesting account of what he thought Nixon should do, what positions he should take, to win the nomination. They discussed that back and forth, and then Nixon turned to his other friend, also an American. The other friend was quite an advocate of his, and the friend spoke very cordially and, to my ears, very interestingly of what he thought Nixon should do to get the nomination. I happened to know that this man was a lot of a politician himself, and a very strong supporter of Nixon. That was a fascinating conversation, and you can imagine the interest with which I, a Canadian, listened to it. But my turn was to come next, when Nixon

turned to me and said, "What would you do, Mr. Pearson: if you were in my shoes?"

"Oh," said I, "my opinion is not worth anything to you. I know nothing about American politics, and I'm the last one to advise you."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Nixon, "that he barged for a turn. You're one of the most successful politicians I know, and I really would like to have your impression."

I only needed to be pressed a little, so I launched into an expression of my opinion.

"Mr. Nixon, you more than any public man I know have expressed your opinion on the question of the Vietnam war. You have made your position very clear. In my own opinion, the American public are going to go increasingly far up with the Vietnam war, and if I were in your shoes, seeking the Republican Party's nomination, I would just drop all further reference to the Vietnam war. I wouldn't change the position I had taken, unless I really did have a change of heart. But I just wouldn't go on talking any more about it."

**W**e'd go to China! But as an American, he could go only as a lawyer. We agreed I should engage a lawyer.

We went on from there all four of us, in an extended discussion of the Vietnam war and the American position on it, and the position that Richard Nixon ought to take. We didn't resolve the problem!

When we had finished I turned to Nixon and said, "You haven't told us what you think yourself."

He said, "No," and then slowly began to outline his own conception of the situation. It was one of the most interesting statements I ever heard in my life.

I have remarked on the naturalness the down-to-earth frankness of Richard Nixon. I saw that displayed very well in Moscow. I was in the United States Embassy, where he was waiting briefly and being entertained. The embassy building had not long before

been attacked by a mob of young Moscovites, and those who had been in the building at the time told us about it. Someone came to me and told me I was wanted on the telephone. I went to the phone and found that it was a call from a radio station in St. John's, Newfoundland. The newscaster was asking and the news came through quite clearly, that of a reporter wanting to know how I had made out on the paper mill in Finland. I told him, and remarked that Nixon had been with me and was now with me at this moment. The reporter asked me if I thought Nixon would talk to him. I told him I'd find out. While St. John's held the line, I moved back into the group and asked Nixon if he could come and speak to the visitors. He rose, and not only spoke but told the story of our visit to Finland and of our negotiations with the paper-mill company there. He wound up assuring the reporter of the "fine job your President has been doing to get this paper mill for Newfoundland!" It was the one time I had as vice-President and future President of the United States as my public-relations officer.

One disappointed, however, I've had in my dealings with Nixon. He asked me in Moscow if I had ever been to Communist China. I told him I had not, and he advised that he had not. He asked me if I thought I'd like to go, and of course I said I would. Furthermore, I would like to go while China was still exciting. He said so would he but pointed out that as an American citizen he would not be permitted to go. He added, thoughtfully, that if someone engaged him as a lawyer to go in a purely professional capacity it would be lawful for him to do so. I promptly remarked that this was quite a coincidence, because as I was planning to go anyhow and badly needed a lawyer to accompany me, I was delighted to know that he would be available. And so that strictly business deal was promptly made. I was going to Red China to have a look, and Richard Nixon would come as my legal adviser. The trouble was that we never did find a time that was suitable to both of us to make the trip, and now I fear that I shall never see Richard Nixon as my legal adviser on any forthcoming visit to Red China. □

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QUEBEC'S WORRIED MINORITY

# A PLACE TO STAND?

Every day, the noise of nationalism grows in the air breathed by five million French-speaking Quebecers. Every day, one million of their non-French countrymen hear it, and wonder, and worry. Should they quit the province they call home? Can they adapt to the changing times? Maclean's reports their dilemma

By Walter Stewart

FRANK BROWNE (at left) is an Anglo-Quebecer, a journalist and a bitter man. He has lived close to Quebec City most of his life, and covers the provincial legislature for the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. He is fully bilingual but, because English is his mother tongue, he no longer feels at home in Quebec. "People keep telling you, if they know you're English, that what's going on here is not really your affair. You get to the point where you don't want to live here any more."

PETER MURPHY appears to be opposed to the role of the Quebec WASP with his go-stripped tie and his neat gray suit and his job as vice-president of a trust company. He is, in fact, mayor of the City of Westmount, that enclave of WASPishness along across the slopes of Mount Royal, and, although he has lost all his life surrounded by French Canadians, he speaks only talking French. But Mr. Murphy refuses to conform to the WASP image: with its rejection of everything non-English, he is working hard on his French. He is raising sons his children acquire the language he lacks, and he says, flatly, "It is worse for a man to think himself educated today with only one language." ■

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HORST DRECHT



## “Every person who calls himself civilized should be able to speak both languages”

*At president of the St. Leonard Parents' Association, Robert Beale leads the fight against conversion of St. Leonard's bilingual schools into unilingual French ones. His association has set up makeshift bilingual classes in the basements of homes in the neighborhood.*

Unlike Frank Howard, he does not feel uncomfortable in Quebec. “I was born here, I have lived all my life here, I mean to remain here.”

MARIO BAZZANI is an Italian Canadian, a successful builder in the Montreal suburb of St. Leonard, and a fervent believer in the virtues of bilinguism. “If a man speaks two languages you have two men,” says Bazzani, who, incidentally, speaks Italian, French and English. He finds it difficult to understand the bitter division that threatens to tear his own, rich household. “I only want to get along.”

JO DUGALTY is a woman, a housewife and the wife of a French-Canadian nationalist unionist in Quebec City, where she was brought up. Her mother is Senator Joseph Guay, and her first language is English, but

her French is flawless and her four boys are called “Frog Bitches” because nobody can figure out which language group they belong to. Mrs. Guay has always opposed separatism, French or English, in a kind of excellent hobby, and she finds herself bawled out ever today. “I know people who have lived here all their lives and are proud because they can’t speak a word of French,” she says. “They make me sick.” At the same time, she rejects the rising racism of the Francophone community, and insists on speaking English in French stores. “I never used to do that,” she explains, “but when bilingual clerks started to pee and they didn’t speak English, I got mad. Now my rule is that if I’m talking something I’ll speak French, but when I’m buying, let them serve me in my own language.”

BASIC CANADIAN (not his real name) is a chartered accountant in Montreal where he grew up. Although his wife is a French Canadian, he is rigidly unilingual, and plans to move out of Quebec because “pretty soon everybody, even my management, will have to speak French, and I’m just not interested.” This rejection is not because he can’t speak any French —

after all, he took it in school — but because he won’t. “Some people say, ‘I’ll speak my language and to hell with the others,’” he told me. “Well, I fall into that category, and I’ll admit it doesn’t help them in Quebec.”

In their varied attitudes, these five people reflect the major trends among the one million non-French of Quebec, a province where five million French Canadians are becoming increasingly suspicious. The few people I have singled out share a common view of what is likely to happen over the next few years, but not a common reaction to the coming changes. They all see the unilingual English Canadians as lessening their more assimilated; they all accept that French will become, increasingly, the language of business as well as social life in the province; they all expect, with varying degrees of concern, a certain amount of discrimination against the Anglo-Quebecer.

The surprising thing to most non-French is that discrimination did not begin earlier. Peter Turlet, chairman of the Montreal Dutch Exchange, told me, “We [the English] have had things pretty peak for a long time, but now we’re going to be treated like a mean-

ey, and any minority has to endure a certain amount of discrimination.” Does the prospect make him nervous?

“The French put up with it for a long time, so I guess it won’t kill us.” Frank Howard has begun to experience discrimination already, but he always planned to educate his three children, as he himself was educated first in French and then in English. Last fall, his daughter, in grade seven, had reached the stage where he wanted to transfer her to the English school system, but there are no English schools in Westport, the suburb where he lives, so he applied to have the tax credit covering his daughter transferred to Quebec City, and asked the Westport Board of Education to provide transportation to an English school there. This is what unilingual English Canadians in the area do, and he expected no difficulty. However, an official of the school board pointed out that his daughter is not unilingual. “She started in French, but her French is French,” he said. Howard was furious and, although he got around the difficulty by taking the girl to his sister’s Quebec City address and sending her to an English school nearby, he remains furious. He believes the language of a child’s education must be a matter of parental choice, not bureaucratic fiat.

“I deliberately chose to live among French Canadians and not to have myself away in an English ghetto. As a matter of fact, I don’t much like English Quebecers, they have always struck me as being totally disconnected with what is happening in this province. But the nostalgia of being assimilated is becoming less and less.”

Bilingualism doesn’t help. “People think that if you speak French, everything is all right, but a snafu so. The more French you know, the more you know what is going on, and the snafu you become.”

Howard argues that French nationalists are bound to beat increasingly on the English community. “What we’re up against is the old business of the conquered race. French Canadians

## “You should be able to live and die here without ever knowing a word of English”

*Raymond Lussier is chief spokesman for the Mouvement pour l’Université Scolaire. In an attempt to promote French unilingualism in the St. Leonard schools.*  
“Bilingualism,” he says, “is merely a step on the way to the assimilation of the French.”



have never forgotten the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, and they want to pay somebody back." He adds that English Canadians have been short-sighted and overlooking in the past but, "The fact that far in their distant minds I have to like it."

As a result, he attended university in Kingston, Ont., and remembers the relief he used to feel when the train bearing him back to Quebec for holidays got to Cornwall, near the provincial border. "I would hear French spoken all around me, and I knew I was coming home," Quebec is no longer home, he has asked his newspaper to transfer him out of the province.

Eighty-two in plain is the place of Pierre McEwen, the brick and mortar mayor of Westmont. Often during the past weeks, while listening to Anglo-Quebecois complaining of the spreading loss of their rights, I have thought of Pierre McEwen, and Robert Beale, the tragically combative head of the St. Leonard Parents' Association, and Naal Barrow, the cool, quick president of the Provincial Association of Catholic School Principals, and I have found it hard to believe that the Anglo-Quebecois is in such danger. He is so sure of himself, so untroubled, so used to asserting his rights, that he is hard to put down. His November 4 Quebec City seven-leader of Irish descent, told

me, "The French would rather lose their rights, and we would rather fight than lose, and that's why they're bad as hard as getting their own way in their own province."

What's more, the Anglophone community of Quebec is linked to the overwhelming English population of North America. The English have nothing to worry about," comments Tom Sloan, professor of journalism and communications at Laval University. "Nobody is going to take away our language, there are too many of us. That's why we should be willing to go 70 percent of the way to meet the French. Our culture is not at danger, that's it."

It is not so plain as it seems such as McEwen's exile. In fact, confidence has been lost in the Quebec English for 200 years. The adjustment of the past decade has been difficult because the English have found it hard to accept the idea that the French could be masters in their own house. For decades, French Canadians were at an economic disadvantage. According to a study presented for the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, French Canadians in 1961 earned an average of \$1,000 a year less than English Canadians. French Quebecers find an average 35 percent lower English Quebecers and held only a very percentage of the jobs of power and

prestige even in the heartland of their province — Montreal. What's more, the gap had been getting steadily wider since 1931. That inferiority was based on the weakness of the Quebec educational system, a rural outlook and a lack of assistance of the Francophone companies, but a great many Anglo-Quebecers apparently thought it stemmed from some inherent quality of the French. The Quiet Revolution, like and the expanding power of French Canadians have crushed that strong hypothesis to pieces, and most of the English-biased community, after a period of surprised suffering, has come to accept the change and even welcome it.

"The French Canadian is a much more dynamic partner now," says McEwen. "He plays a much bigger role in business today than he did yesterday, and he will play a much bigger role tomorrow than he does today. But that does not make him a threat to the English, it makes him a partner. The proportion of French Canadians who can do the job better than English Canadians is bound to me until it comes very close to the population proportion of the two groups."

Because he took this way, McEwen thinks French Canadians who insist that Quebec should become bilingual are making a mistake. If that happens, the French Canadian will give away his bilingualism. He will be average things that only the English Canadian will be bilingual at a time when bilingualism is becoming an economic asset.

McEwen's words underline perhaps the most startling change in the Anglophone community over the past few years — the acceptance of bilingualism. When I first began to travel into French Canada regularly in 1962, English Quebecers tended to regard bilingualism as, at best, an unnecessary concession to the French and, at worst, a threat to themselves. Bilingualism had been part of the marketing system to make them aware that they are, in fact, a minority in a province that is 80 percent French. I knew the lesson had sunk in when I sat day after day, through hearings of the Quebec education committee, and heard group after group from the English community argue, in French, for acceptance of the bilingual principle in schools.

But while English Canadians have been stretching kindly toward bilingualism since French Canadians have been snuffing just as kindly away Raymond Lemaux, chief spokesman for the Movement pour l'Éducation Bilingue, is moving to persuade French bilingualism in the schools — told me "Bilingualism is merely a

phase in the transfer from one language to the other, a step on the way to the assimilation of the French."

Lemaux is bilingual, but his children speak only French. Robert Beale, president of the St. Leonard Parents' Association, and Lemaux's former public carrier, is bilingual, and so are his children.

The confrontation between Lemaux, the less and intermediate French Canadian, and Beale, the thickest, however English Canadian, might have been caused by some Hollywood director. The two men live so close to each other in the northeast Montreal suburb of St. Leonard that they could — but don't — wave to each other from their front porches, in temperance, style and physical fitness. However, they are quite apart. Lemaux is smooth and subtle, while Beale is blunt. Lemaux speaks with barely contained passion and occasional bursts of some anxiety, while Beale pleads from a distance to his English-speaking audience.

Lemaux argues, "You should be able to live and die without ever knowing a word of English." Beale argues, "Every person who calls himself bilingual should be able to speak both languages." Beale may come from Montreal. French-English background. Beale's mother was French Canadian and his father Irish, while Lemaux is the son of an Irish mother and French-Canadian father. Both are now to industrial jobs as far from their regular jobs — Lemaux is an architect, Beale is a process operator in a refinery — and both are upheld by unshakable conviction in his case.

The language war for these protagonists is an area dominated by Marie Biron and her husband, for the St. Leonard Affair, which is central to the entire language issue in Quebec, is really a battle over management. The province needs people to develop its manufacturing economy and, since the bicultural is failing, that need must be met by attracting newcomers. But if an immigrant nation, they have to do, on joining the English community, only five per cent 451, French Canadians, may one day be outnumbered in their own province. To meet this threat they want immigrants to enroll in French schools and become absorbed into the Francophone community.

When the St. Leonard Affair blossomed into national headlines last year, it was not because English schools were being closed — five small segments of Anglo-Quebecers in St. Leonard is entitled to two transportation and school transfers into Montreal — but because the bilingual schools that serve the large Irish population were to be converted gradually into unilingual French

ones. Under the prodding of Lemaux's MRS. B. St. Leonard School Board ended bilingual classes in grade one last fall and will then end grade two this fall, moving up one grade a year until the entire school system is French. Beale's association springs up to defend the rights of my parent to choose the language of his child's education, and organized makeshift classes in the basements of seven neighborhood homes for people whose parents withdrew them from the other French schools. Today 245 of those youngsters are attending grade one in English, with some classes in French, but the mother tongue of most is not English, it is Irish.

The argument in St. Leonard has been the French language, but the English to plead in vain for federal intervention and a march on the Quebec legislature by the French, to mobilize the parliamentary wonders and not against the provincial legislation to Bill 23. The language rights bill that would promote the absorption of immigrants into the Francophone community and, at the same time, provide statutory guarantees for English schools. Bill 23 was introduced by Premier Jean-Jacques Bertrand but was shelved off to the education committee when he became ill. At the writing, it is still being badly debated.

To understand that tension from the French-Canadian point of view, say English Canadian should transfer it to, say, Toronto. Let us suppose that the Irish community in Toronto wanted its children schooled in the province's majority language, French with some English class. Would the board of education readily step up the challenge, the provincial treasury quickly pay up the money (the Quebec government estimates 71 cents more than \$160 million a year to maintain bilingual schools) and the good-bayers of Toronto gladly sign approval? Not likely. And English Toronto would be in a tight spot, with but their rejection by the great mass of the population has been, so far at least, complex and unresolvable. When a bomb went off in the Montreal suburb of LaSalle, in February, injuring 37 people, the action was condemned by Quebec nationalist groups, including the separatist Parti Québécois, which denounced the perpetrators as potential murderers and "third grade gangsters."

Charles-Armand Sheppard, the Montreal out-right lawyer who acts for the St. Leonard Parents' Association, says "The cultural genocide of the English does not become just because the French don't threaten. Sheppard will not accept second-



●● If a man speaks two languages, you have two men ●●

Dallas Canadian Marie Barrow is a successful hairdresser in St. Leonard. Her husband speaks French. English and French are the two languages she should be a divorcee in Canada.

That French Canada has its share of English and nationalists is undeniable, but their rejection by the great mass of the population has been, so far at least, complex and unresolvable. When a bomb went off in the Montreal suburb of LaSalle, in February, injuring 37 people, the action was condemned by Quebec nationalist groups, including the separatist Parti Québécois, which denounced the perpetrators as potential murderers and "third grade gangsters."

Charles-Armand Sheppard, the Montreal out-right lawyer who acts for the St. Leonard Parents' Association, says "The cultural genocide of the English does not become just because the French don't threaten. Sheppard will not accept second-



●● I know people who have lived here all their lives and are proud because they can't speak a word of French. They make me sick ●●

English is the first language of Jo Quebec Quebec City. Her husband Jack (second left) is French Canadian. She expects rising French-language racism.

due language rights for immigrants.

He argues that the solution for French Canada is not to lock immigrants out of the English community, but to work at attracting them into the French. "For years Quebecers have turned their backs on immigrants, haven't even provided them with decent schools and we wonder why they turn to the English."

Mario Barreca illustrates the process Sheppard describes. When he came to Canada in 1951, he thought he was coming to an English country, because, to his Italian, Canada is merely a part of North America, and as Canadian Immigration effort ever bothered to tell him that Montreal is a French city in a French province. When he got a construction job, he found that many of his co-workers spoke French, which he had learned in school, but he did not feel welcome among them, and began to slip more and more into English. It is, after all, French language of the business community, and he wanted to get into business; it is, after all, the language of most of the contacts, and he wanted to be useful. Barreca began a building business with his brother, presented to the public as St. Léonard to help employees that area from a shifty French village of 4,000 in 1961 to a city of 35,000 — 40 percent of them Italian — today. He became a power in the community, a number of the city council, and made every French Italian, but he resisted the attempts of the infant MIB to coerce his children into the English system.

Perhaps there is a certain amount of justice involved. Barreca sold no more than 70 percent of the property taxes in St. Léonard, although they represent less than half the population, but all that meant to a French Canadian is that he has been displaced in his own community by a group allied to the English. Certainly the French of St. Léonard react to their Italian neighbors in some peculiar ways. What I was there, a neighborhood last company was going through an upheaval because the Italian drivers found that whenever they ordered the bilingual cab-driver in English, he cut them off at the wheel. The Italian are planning to pull out and set up their own car company, taking a good share of the business with them.

Peter van der Meer will only drive American groups into the English community and therefore racial divisions already too rapidly drawn, perhaps what is needed in St. Léonard is the spiritual sense of a St. Quentin. What I like about Mr. Ouellet, besides his charm and sense, is the sym-



Quebec turns to French unilingualism, the French Canadian will give away his bilingualism. Only the English Canadian will be bilingual at a time when bilingualism is becoming an enormous economic asset.

"The French Canadian plays a much bigger role in business today."

— says *McGill's* Mayor Peter McEwen

"He'll play a bigger role tomorrow."

— in reference to a man in

rank recently educated today

with such language.

bolism of her cause awarings, with its reminder that French and English Canadians have been getting along despite occasional outbreaks of temper, for some time now without either side having to give up its culture, spirit or dignity. She is fairly proud of the Frenchness of her province and anxious to say thoughtful Quebecer must be, but the French culture disappears through abuse or neglect or the sheer overwhelming force of English speakers. At the same time, she does not feel that her love for French Canada requires her to distance her English background or her mother tongue. "We have the best of both language worlds," she says. "I can't see how we would possibly pass by abandoning either."

Yet abandonment is the solution for many Quebecers of both French and English background. Lénier is willing to abandon the principle of language equity and to settle all French Canadians outside her own province to preserve an enclave of culture there. He is not a separatist, but he told me that, if the price for French unilingualism in separation, he is willing to pay that price. On the English side, James Johnson is willing to abandon the entire province because it is becoming too French. "I pay my taxes and I think I'm entitled to get everything in English," he said. He said the day coming, soon, when he won't get everything in English, so he wants to move to Ontario where "the opportunities are greater for someone like me."

It is hard to see how abandonment on either side promises a solution for Quebec or Canada. Perhaps there is no solution, perhaps life would be simpler if every Anglo-Quebecer and French-Quebecer would walk against the border. But I think not. I think — and it is a huge impression, absorbed through the pages — that prospects are brighter today than they have been for years, because the new-French of Quebec have begun to grasp some essentials that French must become the working language of the province, or it may disappear, that immigrants must be encouraged to join the Francophone community, but not be dropped into it, that preservation of the French culture of all across Canada is not merely the business of the French Canadian, a concern of all. The Anglo-Quebecers who share these views are the more surprising than the bitter or stubborn ones who want to get out and their numbers are growing. What remains is for French Canadians to recognize the new situation, to accept it and to work it into the building experiment that it is Canada. □

QUEBEC: The Mythology of a Crisis

## FRENCH VS. ENGLISH?

### The fallacies — and the facts

MANY CANADIANS, French and English, use their arguments on the language question as common sense. But it is not so. The Anglophone tends to believe, for instance, that French Canadians have no French studies since 1960 that their culture is no longer in danger and that, even if it were, not much could be done because education is already driving capital out of Quebec and draining to impoverish the French Canadian. Such beliefs make little sense. French studies have been at the root of much of the ill will between the two groups in Canada today, so informed understanding can only begin when such myths are laid to rest.

Myth 1: French culture may have been in danger once, but now French Canadians know everything they own say. The facts: French Canadians have been more successful than the Québécois in keeping their culture alive. But today's threat does not come from a hostile English Canada, it comes from the fact that the French-speaking population is expanding less rapidly than the English in the nation as a whole. Since 1966, the Quebec birthrate has been falling faster than the Canadian birthrate, and in the three-year period from 1965 to 1968 fell at an average rate of 12.4 percent nearly twice the Canadian decline of 1.3 percent. At the same time, the increasing tide of immigration into Quebec is being absorbed into the English-speaking rather than the French-speaking community, a trend that shows clearly in admissions to the school system. In Montreal where more than 50 percent of immigrants arrive, in 1968 there were 7,571 new Canadians in the Montreal school system of whom 3,845 or 50.5 percent chose French schools. By 1969, of 25,434 immigrants in the schools, 12,371 or 48.6 percent were in the English system. The preference for English is particularly obvious among blacks. Last year, 84.4 percent of the black Canadian entering schools were by the Montreal Catholic School Board in the English school system.

The conclusion: French culture is in danger as danger of being replaced by a culture of immigrants. It is in danger of being replaced.

Myth 2: Because of language splits, Quebec is suffering from a massive flight of capital.

The facts: Unemployment is more than twice as high in Quebec and Ontario, but Quebec has lost more jobs than Ontario. In 1968, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1969, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1970, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1971, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1972, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1973, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1974, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1975, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1976, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1977, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1978, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1979, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1980, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1981, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1982, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1983, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. In 1984, Quebec lost 24,000 jobs, Ontario 24,000. 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# RENÉ LEVESQUE: THE ANGLAIS CHEER AS HE CALLS FOR CANADA'S BREAK-UP

By Graham Fraser

HE stood at the front of the auditor, wood-paneled during hall at Trent University in Peterborough, Ontario a short, stout, slightly pink-faced man with a high, lined forehead and grey hair under his eyes, in a dark economy-fabric-ruffled suit. The hall was packed with people, quiet and curious: students, professors and residents of Peterborough, all there to hear that upstart, René Lévesque.

It was near the end of a long day. He had already given a speech at Toronto, taped two television interviews, spoken for one hour to a political science class and been the guest of honor at a dinner given by the president of the university.

Lévesque spoke quickly, shaking his head, winking softly, shaking his head, winking softly, shaking his head, winking softly. He had been with the mood and atmosphere of the university and with the people he had met.

Then, reflectively, "You know, it's hard to translate a standpoint, a point of view. But — would you please try

to keep your minds open to the bare possibility that, outside of it is sound, we may be right. If so, you'll have to decide whether to deal with an open mind with the new Quebec."

He took a drag on his cigarette. "It'll be a helluva different Quebec — and we'll all be new too. It's certainly an iffy proposition, but it will be decided in Quebec and nowhere else. And if we're right, the big question facing all of us will be whether we deal with each other as good faith."

I had already heard that thought, in slightly different words, three times that day. But somehow, there, hearing René Lévesque, fired, speaking softly and almost sadly about his future, Quebec was the most popular political commentator in Quebec. On his weekly television program, *Point de Vue*, he told French Canadians what he thought was happening to their society, a belated, chain-smoking, politician. Phil Wilson, telling how it was

Quebec since he successfully merged the three main upstart groups in Quebec last fall to form the Parti Québécois.

I traveled with him for six days, partly to see whether the electric, instantly engaging man could persuade English-Canadian students to listen to his plans for breaking up their country, and partly to satisfy my own curiosity — a curiosity that verged on hero worship — about this enigma who had broken into political respectability when he walked out of the Quebec Liberal Party.

My first knowledge of Lévesque had been at the age of 14, when the Liberals in Quebec lost the 1960 election of the Union Nationale. Then, Lévesque was the most popular political commentator in Quebec. On his weekly television program, *Point de Vue*, he told French Canadians what he thought was happening to their society, a belated, chain-smoking, politician. Phil Wilson, telling how it was

Now, he was sitting out to talk to English-Canadian students, to tell them about separatism.

The purpose of his trip, this strange off-season undergraduate election campaign, was, Lévesque repeated in every speech, quite simple: he wanted to keep lines open, he wanted English-Canadian students to get used to the possibility that perhaps — just perhaps — he, René Lévesque, was right and Quebec would separate in the next five to 10 years. If he was right, he wanted them to know that would not be the end of the world: he would then be ready to think about new relationships with a sovereign Quebec.

Lévesque's speeches are rough-hewn, unadorned, punctuated with rough language and consistent aggression. Shouting, grinding, hands rubbing, elbow-judging, gripping the air as if it was full of lustre, he talks with the rhetoric of a madman. He talks constantly about Quebec needing the tools to do the job.

It was a strange, one-man road show: an odd combination of the intellectual appeal that brought American students to work for Eugene McCarthy and the enthusiasm of a French-Canadian. William Jennings Bryan telling young English Canadians their country is being crucified on a cross of 20 years of constitutional deadlock, plus the shrewdness and wit of Quebec rhetorician Gilles Vigneault.

HE TRAVELS ALONE — a fact that shocked some of his student hosts. "You mean he just gets on a plane and goes alone?" Well, even a two-bed room under him a couple of body guards and a messenger, one said.

Getting off the morning flight from Montreal, out of place among the dozens of crisp businessmen with athletic cases, Lévesque looked gay, friendly and joshy-soul, carrying his suitcase.

"Look, I'm only half smoke — I

"It'll be a helluva different Quebec," says Lévesque, here at York University, Toronto. "You have to decide whether to deal with it with an open mind."

swiftly didn't make it. Can we go and get a cup of coffee? I forgot to sit the button on my shirt sleeve and I only woke up by chance when one of my kids banged the door on the way to school."

Lévesque is a tight, polite. Before noon, he had looked as if he were made out of a crumpled newspaper, only after three or four cups of coffee does it begin slowly to become animate.

He joked about it over the coffee. "You know, in the first few years of the Lévesque generation, I stayed in a hotel. Pretty quickly Lévesque got to know that I was irregular in my schedule and he started phoning me at 7:30. 'Hello, it's Jean.' 'Jean, who?' I would say — 'I'm not too bright at 7:30 — and he would launch into something we had been arguing about



in cabinet meetings. Finally, just to get off the phone and get back to sleep, I would say, "Sure, sure, okay." Then, later, I wouldn't remember what I'd agreed to. Finally, I got the hotel desk not to let any jokers pretending to be Jean Levesque phone through with a "no." He laughed hysterically.

The introduction of Levesque's speeches often involved a series among his audience. The Quebec applause followed his attacks on Prime Minister Trudeau's Just Society, and his speeches concerned on democracy being sold at shopping plazas. At the peak of his emotions, Levesque virtually screamed with rage. His voice grew hoarse and raspy.

"Your white knight on a white charger and his government are starting the Just Society with a two-per-cent 'Social Development Tax' — but he's been dropped with one answer — 'limited' at 120 knots. The poor people are going to pay for their social progress, the rich people are going to be enriched?"

Then and again, his attacks on the Trudeau government were greeted with laughter and applause — almost as if Levesque were releasing a collective sense of guilt at having been swept away by Trudeauism only a few months before.

He swung into the constitutional conference. "Look, all they can hope to get out of that conference are a few more standing committees of civil servants. Conferences! Do you know that there are 151 standing committees between Ottawa and Quebec alone?"

He shouted with invective, hurling into a swirl of spit-out words such as "paralytic" and "zombified" and "zomboid," his hands waving, sweeping, driving it all in his stomach.

"You, like Quebec, are not moving ahead, you're slowing down. We're not just producing! And we're still living with the delusion that we've got the second highest standard of living in the world. But stopped being true five years ago! We were passed by Sweden last year, in 1985, we were passed by Iceland! This year, if the trend continues, we'll be passed by Denmark, Holland and perhaps West Germany!"

The students applauded these blows at their national self-image. But, when he had gone, many seemed to resent their national respect for Levesque. In the student paper, *The Renaissance*, one student wrote bitterly: "Levesque seemed as if to believe that his way was the right way, the only way. And we did, he knew, damn him. We didn't, he hated for emotionalism. We thought

he was rational when he was wildly emotional. He wanted confrontation for destruction. And we clapped. In some apocryphal, anachronistic way, we were party to Levesque's scheme to destroy Canada."

AFTER A SPEECH, despite the tumultuous applause, Levesque was almost apologetic about his emotional outburst. Over a drink at a party in Peterborough he dragged off comments about how enthusiastic the audience had been. "Look," he said, "I'm a performer. It's a skill, and I'm pretty good at it. After all, I had 15 years' experience in radio and television before I went into politics. So I guess the applause, it really doesn't mean anything, except that I performed well."

Then one student who said he would stand up to him. After he came on a brief discussion at the University of New Brunswick, a shocked member of the audience told Levesque that his language was more suitable for the Chrysler plant than a university.

Looking about this, Levesque said to us, "I came to Toronto. Did you know that there are a bunch of young guys in the party who tried to change my image? Yeah — one of our younger fellows in the party works for an advertising agency, so he had a few charts put together and came up with some sort of formula for my image."

"What happened?"

"I told them to go to hell!"

We all laughed, and then someone said, "What did they want you to do?"

"Oh, all kinds of hole things. They wanted me to change the way I dress. Stuff like that. One thing made sense though. They told me I should stop cursing in my speeches, and it doesn't baffle a pretty leader."

Levesque made a wry, self-mocking face. "I haven't changed much, though."

The speaker preceding Levesque at the Windsor conference was Jean-Pierre Goyer, a federalist MP from Montreal who worked closely with Trudeau in his leadership campaign. Goyer had made a voice legend of himself as a federalist. The student reaction verged on hostility. One girl walked out, shaking her head. "God, I'd be so pissed if I were from Quebec and heard that crap!" The noise got some back to hear Levesque speak. She was smiling, nodding her head.

Denise, the question period's main English rights were being taken away

in St. Leonard. Levesque shook his head slowly and then pointed to Jean Levesque, a strong federalist, angrily snapped back that the man's lies were all wrong. "Read Levesque has led his career on the line again and again for English language rights. At the founding of the Mouvement Souveraineté Association, at the founding of the Parti Québécois, and in the Quebec legislature! To connect him with St. Leonard is just ignorance!" It was true, and, for many students who were here, surprising. One asked him if he hadn't had any other personal experience with the English, as a child, for instance.

"No, I had an incredibly happy childhood. Of course, we always fought with the English in New Caledonia, but we took it for granted. There wasn't any bitterness about it."

Talking about one of Quebec's best-selling authors, he said, "I'm a class discussion at the University of New Brunswick, talking about bilingualism and the dropout over English schools. A lady phoned up and disagreed with him, and, finally he said, 'Obviously we will never agree, because you don't mind being near them. I despise them, *les Anglais, je les déteste!*'"

Levesque waved and shook his head. "That really jarred me. It was surprising."

The students were also impressed at his declared friendship with political opponents, and his open respect for Pierre Trudeau. One student asked if he still saw Jean Marchand. "Oh, yeah, we see each other every few months or so, whenever we can. We've been friends ever since the early '60s, at Laval. Marchand and I went nearly all our time at university studying under the same guy, playing poker. Anyway, when we see each other now, usually for lunch, we first tell each other what we've been doing since the last time and then we give each other hell." And he laughed.

Denise, Canada's response to Levesque was unpredictable and full of variety. In Saskatoon, after he had lashed out bitterly at corruption in Saskatchewan's politics of political parties, a middle-aged farmer suggested he come to Saskatchewan and run against Premier Ross Thatcher.

At York University in Toronto, a student shouted out that Levesque was just another bloody politician. "But a student at Trent University in Peterborough began to think seriously of going to Montreal for graduation to work for Levesque's Parti Québécois. Students who talked with Levesque were overwhelmingly favorable in

## Now, find out how much you don't know about Spain.

See how many of the following questions you can answer correctly.

1. In Galicia (Northwestern Spain) they play (a) the guitar, (b) the castanets, (c) the bagpipes.
2. There is first-class dining: (a) 300 miles from Madrid, (b) 200 miles, (c) 40 miles.
3. A three-hundred-year-old XVIII century baroque building on its hill, two ballrooms, XV century walls, and antique furniture is one of Spain's finest hotels costs: (a) £100 per person, (b) £10, (c) £10.
4. Which of these pastimes is the most popular in Spain? (a) juggling, (b) football, (c) bullfighting.
5. How many of these films were shot in Spain? (a) Lawrence of Arabia, (b) El Cid, (c) Cantinflas, (d) Doctor Zhivago.
6. Of these four religions, which is the oldest? (a) Buda, (b) Pagan, (c) Hindu, (d) Christian.
7. Which of the following is the most important Spanish export? (a) iron ore, (b) olives, (c) ships, (d) wine.
8. Of these three dishes, which is the least popular in Spain? (a) roast lamb, (b) paella, (c) tortilla.
9. The best time to visit Spain is: (a) spring, (b) summer, (c) autumn, (d) winter.
10. Answer:
11. The bagpipes: 3. 40 miles: 2. £100: 5. All four: Spain is the film capital of the world: 6. Hindu: 7. Ships: 8. Roast lamb: 9. Any time in the right one to enjoy the sun-ness of Spain.
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their reaction to him. One girl said later, "I've never been so attracted to a pudgy figure. He's so very, very natural, with none of the phantasies you expect from a politician. I could love him—and I don't love Trudeau. As far as Lévesque's policy is concerned, I'm still confused."

Susan Carter, a graduate student at the University of Toronto, said, "You know, I found it very reassuring as a student in political science to meet a politician who had such a broad view of everything, who didn't see everything in terms of his profession. The important question comes down ultimately to matters of economics—and I don't feel qualified to decide who's right. But he really gets people to accept that whether or not Quebec separates is not our decision—it's Quebec's."

DRIVING TO PETERBOROUGH from Toronto, Lévesque sat in the back seat and chatted with Peterborough's MPP, Walter Piron of the NDP. Piron is a hard-boiled former teacher in his 40s. Lévesque began to question him about the Ontario legislature, the NDP, their circumstances, the problems of a new party: political/freedom shop talk.

"Glad," you know," Piron said. "I never get over feeling angry when we work on a policy and develop it and then it gets stolen by the Conservatives and the guys taken out of it."

Lévesque lit a cigarette and slowly shook out the end.

"That's what makes me nervous about our party. If we spend five elections out of office, with no feeling that we're getting any nearer, I don't know what will happen. I really admire people like David Lewis and Stanley Knowles who can keep on like that, year after year, working just as hard. They're real specialists. I'm not like that."

Lévesque has no interest in merely fighting the good fight. At 46, he looks too old for romantic adventures.

What if he doesn't make it?

"Hell, I'm not going to be in this forever, even if we do win. I've been in politics eight years; I figure I've got four left. That's half a generation, and that's long enough. Then I'll go back to reporting... or if we win, be an ambassador somewhere."

His eyes lit up.

"You know, I've always wanted to go to China. I got to North Korea for the CBC during the Korean war, and to Hong Kong on the same trip. The East absolutely fascinated me. I've always wanted to go back."

Whether as a reporter or as an ambassador from a strange State of Quebec, he probably will. □

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Photo by Neil A. Orr



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## CASSAVETES: THE ACTOR WHO TAUGHT HOLLYWOOD HOW TO MAKE FILMS

The director of *Face/Contra* has brought a new dimension of reality to American films. Here's what he's like, how he works, and his plans. BY ALEXANDER ROSA

You're almost embarrassed to be watching this, an intimate and sometimes starkly private anguish, because you're looking into the inner cubicle of the man's room in some grimy New York bar and you overhear a middle-aged man who's stumbled into this cubicle to be sick, babbling out his pain to a friend who acquiesces in sympathy on the floor in front of him.

Is this what it comes to for everyone, this awful moment of self-consciousness? Here's a man who's been in college, lost his wife, earns maybe \$20,000 a year, used to be a pretty fair athlete, used to do all right with the women. And now he's sitting on the lid of the john in this hopeless bar, but he can't talk, drops all sweat on his shuddered face, listening to his body sending out terrifying messages: a race, middle-class, middle-aged American named Archie who's buried a friend this day and now, after too many hours and too many drinks and too much frantic talk, is grappling with the new-found knowledge of his own mortality. Archie has just discovered what everybody feels on Monday or later: that every day you're going to die, sooner, and what are you going to do about it? Listen to the poor bastard!

*I feel sick. Like my bone, my lungs, my stomach's burning up and coming out. The pain goes up inside a moment ago I was crying. The first time we had the train were screaming about from my eye. And my feeling London in both feet! And the gas! For a hour here and then there, and my nose. I have trouble with my nose anyway. Feel my pulse! I'm a word like these people who haven't any hours and just roll.*

## CASSAVETES continued

leaves in smoking heat and I see... My skin is too cold.

He's on the floor now, kneeling partially on the dirty washroom tiles, his head only inches from the feet of his friend.

What's really bothering me... what it really is, it must... It's not the actor. I can live through that. It's a tremendous need... an anxiety you see. I forget what it is... It's agonizing. It's what I'm supposed to feel.

Finally his silent friend speaks. He has a stern, brooding face, and you expect he's going to say something grand, instead he yells:

"What a waste, what a waste! WAIT A MINUTE! GODDAMMIT CUT!" It's unbelievable that people could be yelling around a set circling their heads!

The 30-odd people standing around the set of John Cassavetes' latest film *Maoবাদ*, smiles almost visible. The stagehands have been so used to offstage noise that they've been laughing (usually, relaxing and relaxing with schlocky gags). During the scene you couldn't even see their chests moving beneath their bowing shirts. But Cassavetes, who runs a very fast day when he's directing a film, has pulled up something but even the soundman hadn't caught the fast clicking of hands somewhere at the edge of his hearing.

"It's upstairs, James," says Ben Gazzara, the TV star who's making some of his own money to make this film with Cassavetes. The unit's office is two floors above the set, and when the succumbent work around up there, Cassavetes thinks he can hear them. Dialogue.

### CASSAVETES (barking)

Is that our office? Take their shoes off! Take their shoes off! Tell them to take their shoes off!

### GAZZARA

Yeah, just tell the girls to take their shoes off!

### CASSAVETES

Click - click - click - click - click - click - click - click... aw, let's go. Take it again. Right away!

### OFFSTAGE VOICE

QUET! EVERYBODY! THREE BELLS! QUIET ON THE SET!"

And the work is that again for the film the seventh (the 15th time... as long as it takes to get what Cassavetes wants. What a way to work, eh? says Ben Gazzara, puffing on a pencil-



At lunch break between *Maoবাদ* shooting scenes Cassavetes, Gazzara (right), Falk (back to camera) and two referees review script for the *Maoবাদ* hour this cigar and bawling at the world.

FOR ANY ACTOR, it is indeed a brutal way to work. Most directors are not creative, stagehands. Their job is to improve their conception of a role on the actor through guile, awe, ego-massages or applied sensitivity. Cassavetes' technique is creative; he tries to make actors and cameramen feel free enough to interrupt the ball that is in them. As they experiment, the film assumes an independent dimension of its own and later scenes are altered to accommodate the changes that earlier experiments have yielded.

You can't work this way unless you're prepared to repeat all the common laws that Hollywood loves by. On most films the sequence in which scenes are shot is decided by economic war, if it's cheaper to film the final clutch on Day Two of shooting that's the way it's scheduled. Cassavetes, who builds his films the way a writer shapes a novel, can't work this way. He starts by filming the opening scene, and ends with the final one. In between, his day-by-day experiments before the cameras may yield 10 scenes more. Gazzara says Hollywood doesn't understand. But Cassavetes, who once spent nearly four years making a film, needs less of raw material from which to shape his final product.

This idea of the director as auteur is old stuff in Europe where Godard, Polter et al. for more than a decade have been using film to make intensely personal statements. It's even becoming commonplace in Canada where low budgets dictate this, since a film can't be shot a couple to sell the creative and individual Hollywood, of necessity, is a production line it's no more capable of producing personal film than General Motors is of mass-producing Mustangs.

Cassavetes learned this early in his career. In 1961, after he'd produced and directed an improvisational film

called *Shadows* that outraged the European critics with its extreme movie technique, he got a contract from Paramount to direct a series of art films. "The fact that a major Hollywood studio thinks it can make money with an art film is a big step forward," is what Cassavetes said at the time. But the first issue of that hoped-for marriage between commerce and creativity was something called *Two Lovers* above starring Bobby Darin and Stella Stevens, a film that was almost as crummy as it sounds. He also directed *A Child Is Waiting*, a film about retarded children that starred Judy Garland. It was a good career but for Cassavetes it was as exercise in frustration. "The sales department still demands studio policy," he told reporters after he'd produced *Hush*. "So-called sensitivity, high standards and truth don't enter into it. The product can be phony as hell, but if it has a big name and it'll fill a 3,000-seat theatre, who cares?"

Of course, almost everybody in Hollywood talks this way. From the stagehands to the directors to the espresso porters along Sunset Strip. But Cassavetes, almost uniquely, succeeded in doing something about it. He's always regarded himself primarily as an actor, and once he emerged from New York's American Academy of Dramatic Arts in 1950, he had appeared in more than 100 TV dramas and achieved something close to star status in a series called *Johnny Awareness*. Now, led up with directing Hollywood films, he returned to acting, with guesting roles in *Eden Of The City* with Sidney Poitier, *The Dirty Dozens*, and, unfortunately in the father in *Reverie's* July.

But acting was only a means to an end for Cassavetes used his earnings to help finance what turned out to be the longest, most anticlimactic movie he's ever made. *Force Majeure* started in 1965 as a four-page treatment that Cassavetes scribbled out

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## CASSAVETES *continued*

during an airplane flight. It grew, and four countless group-think sessions with his score threads, into a 256-page script. After nearly four years of procrastination (shopping, mostly in his own and his mother-in-law's houses in Los Angeles, it circulated into several miles of footage that represented a \$150,000 debt everyone associated with the film — producers, soundmen, managers, everybody — was on tenter. Cassavetes spent nearly two years of off-hours supervising the editing of the footage in his own garage, staving off creditors with the apocryphal claim "All are owed!" He finally, they threatened to take the film away while we couldn't pay *Paula* back \$17,000 for processing. That night I literally dreamed "Book of America, Vice-President, Beverly Hills Brakes!" I had nothing to fear, not the first collection. We called him up the next morning, and the guy gave me the money! I still don't believe it."

There's no poet in trying to deconstruct *Face/Center*. A Cassavetes film is a uniquely political, and almost "self"-very well. It concerns an affluent American businessman (John Marley) who walks out on his wife and spends the night with an equally affluent hostess. Meanwhile, his wife, taking three of his middle-aged friends to a divorcee where they pick up a hip-looking surfer type and bring him home. With sleepers with lippie. While taken outside of him, Hippie reveals her husband's extramarital. Hippie checks out money. Film ends with husband and wife sitting sadly apart on their broad-leaved staircase, each trapped in personal isolation.

Obviously, that doesn't convey the film's impact, which is shattering. Andromeda — in February, they were having up for blocks in Toronto — walk from the theatre in numbered suits, on though they accidentally wear a culture between a tree and a school bus. *Face* is about the marks of modern marriage, the failures of loneliness that husbands and wives erect against each other, and what happens when those defenses are stripped away. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* attempted the same thing, but in that picture you somehow always knew that those men and women leeching each other up there on the screen were actors. In *Face*, you're actors are *Shoreline*. Cassavetes has captured the texture of actual life and light and when his people laugh and fight and talk and make love, it takes an effort of will to recall that you're watching filmed fiction, not casual dropping on a squabble in the actual apartment. *Face* may be the most

distilled movie ever produced, the only comparable experience available on film would be one of Alina King's documentaries.

It's a *Waste* in Cassavetes' technique, and to the fastest simplicity of *Face*'s players, that most accomplished assume it is the product of a dramatic improvisation. It isn't. The script was written, rewritten and rewritten again, the actors never went before the camera without lines firmly etched in their heads. Improvisation came into *Face* by permitting each actor to anticipate his role," says Cassavetes, "rather than me interpreting the role as a director. So in one moment, I would never know how an actor's behavior was going to come out. Somehow, what was going on wasn't rare to do with the film. The action took off independently."

So did the box office receipts. *Face* cost \$150,000 to produce and so far has grossed nearly two million dollars. "It should do six, seven million before it's done," Cassavetes publicly says like Lucif. I feel me, "and with that money to make a lot of bread for the actors and technicians who worked on this film for nothing but a percentage." Hollywood may not know how to make serious films, but it does know a lot when it comes to, and so when Cassavetes and producer Al Ruben started looking for two million dollars for *Wasteland*, they were in a position to pick and choose. But off offers of American backing came with strings attached to Cassavetes' choice. Italian money, because these bankers didn't demand creative control.

*Wasteland* may be one of the most co-operative efforts in the history of film. Cassavetes co-stars with Ben Gazzara and Peter Falk and also directs, all three actors are business partners in the production, and both Gazzara and Falk contributed to the development of Cassavetes' script. "It took John about a year to put that script together," says Gazzara. "We'd get together in Rome or Los Angeles or somewhere on weekends or between assignments, sit down in a room with a secretary, argue about what was going to happen and how the film would go. Then John would go back and try another draft."

*Wasteland*, like *Face*, is about middle age, a future that Hollywood has generally never attempted to explore. It's the story of three adult friends, fellow comedians for years on the Long Island has to soul from Manhattan, and what happens after the death of one of their friends. The film, written with the famous and Cassavetes' camera follows the increasing three as they embark on a

monumental Manhattan pub crawl. They drink, they speak telephone booths, they vomit, they laugh hysterically, and somewhere along the way, they glimpse the fragility of their own lives.

"This picture isn't supposed to be a put-down of the middle class or anybody else," says Peter Falk. "It's a sympathetic, compassionate film, and it's about everybody."

Falk's scene in the suburban cabaret is one of *Wasteland*'s key moments. It was shot in a crowded, overhired New York stake full of cables and technicians and lampoons and lights and camera equipment, but everyone there, including the feeling they were overstepping on a cat, private moment in someone else's life. Falk's dialogue, by this time based only loosely on the lines in the script, came out in stammering, ungrammatical blurs. "You don't overstep conversations like this all the time in Manhattan bars. But Falk, under Cassavetes' gentle urging, was whispering somehow to transfer onto the film the feelings of the ordinary."

Between takes, Cassavetes remained on his haunches in front of Falk, whispering urgently. "Don't rush, Pete. Don't rush! Don't let it take you. You gotta control it. If you don't control it, it becomes a jangle." He turned and spoke gently to the cameramen too, among the kind of instruction you hardly ever hear from the lips of a Hollywood director. He assured the cameramen to focus up, to shoot the scene his way, not Cassavetes'. "If you feel you've got enough, just go. Use your feeling. Forget about what's being said."

They shot the scene again and again, and the cumulative effect of all that repeated reality was eerie, when I walked off the set and down 45th Street to lunch with Cassavetes and his merry retinue, I got a word flash back from the scene. "You're the one, the whole world, or actually a John Cassavetes movie! Shakespeare, I understand, achieved a similar insight some time ago."

Cassavetes is never accompanied by fewer than a dozen people, all drinking and laughing at once. We sit at down at a T-shaped arrangement of tables in an Italian restaurant once frequented by Tyrone Power. Cassavetes is a troublemaker, and when he could belong either to a Greek shipowner or an aging motorcycle hood, either very mean or very tender. Today he's brought along two producers from a recording company who want to buy the rights to the *Wasteland* sound track. Each of them are

continued on page 51

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It's a vast land, this part of Ontario we call *Trail to Arctic Tideswaters*. Vast and challenging. From its gateway at North Bay, through the gold rush country of the 1900's, to the waters of Hudson Bay. A land you've often heard of, with places you've still to experience.

Relax at a rustic lakeside resort near Temagami. And at *Kirkland Lake* animal farm, make the acquaintance of a husky moose.

Year a mare at Temagami where you'll see copper extracted from rock. Tour a mill at Smooth Rock Falls and watch the making of paper.

Swim, fish or just bask in the sun by one of countless blue water lakes. Ride the Polar Bear Express to the top of this land, Moosonee. Then fly by chartered plane to our newest land preserve, Polar Bear Provincial Park.

A vast land, the *Trail to Arctic Tideswaters*. So full of things to see and do that we've written a book about it. With colour pictures and maps and all sorts of information. It's one of five books we've written describing five different Ontario adventure vacations. Write for it now to Department of Tourism & Information, Room EM-4, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Husky dog, symbol of the north.



John & Gail at Gladys Falls.

Truck on full of what at Gladys.



Scenic view of the north river province.

Moose in a corner of the north.



Polar Bear Express car.

# Ontari-ari-ario

It's a nice place to visit, even when you live there.

# Carte Blanche the credit

The way we look at it, we practically invented the travel and entertainment credit card in the first place. So why shouldn't we re-invent it? We've been in this business a long time. And so have a couple of our competitors. But we think it's time for some changes.

Your credit needs today are a lot different from what they used to be. We think you deserve more when you pay good money for a credit card.

**Relief for credit card headaches.**  
"We're sorry about the mix-up," but it's our computer, you know."

We won't give you an answer like that. Because at Carte Blanche, the emphasis is on man, not the machine. Sure, we have the very latest new computers to help with our accounts. And that's just what they do: help.

**Someone to talk to.**  
They help the Member Services Representative who is assigned to your

account. We even tell you her name. So if you ever have a question on your account, you know exactly who to write or call. And when you do, she'll use our computers and microfilm records to get you an instant instant recap of your account's status.

**Our new service: Carteas Travel.**  
When things are running smoothly inside, then there's really no limit to the variety of service you can offer. And we've just added a new one we think our members will appreciate. We've just acquired Carteas Travel, one of the nation's largest travel firms.

You may have heard of the famous Carteas Tours. Well, starting May 1, Carte Blanche members can charge any of them on their Carte Blanche Card. They can charge them at thousands of travel agencies throughout the United States that handle Carteas Tours. And they can even arrange for convenient extended payment.

**Jet away from it all.**  
Speaking of travel, we're honored on virtually every domestic and inter-

national airline that goes anywhere worth going. (You can take up to 24 months to pay for your ticket, too, depending on the amount.)

Which brings to mind our many other Carte Blanche services. A superb list of fine restaurants. (We're the only credit card endorsed by the National Restaurant Association.) An impressive list of hotels, motels, and inns. All the major rent-a-cars. More gas stations and brands of gas than any other multi-purpose credit card offers. A wonderful selection of specialty shops and liquor merchants.

**Little things mean a lot.**  
Of course, not everyone is a would-be world traveler. So we have plenty to keep you happy at home, too. One thing is our special arrangement with the banks of FTD and Teleflora. You can charge flowers for any occasion.

# re-invents card.

Then there's our exclusive Herb Card. It's pink, and it gives her credit for being a woman.

We're the only travel and entertainment card that guarantees your good credit at 1,300 hospitals throughout the country. And we're also the only card of our kind that offers you a \$250,000 accidental death insurance policy. (Not very entertaining ideas, but reassuring ones.)

On the lighter side, there's our unique executive gift guide in every issue of Carte Blanche Magazine—a very handy way to window shop since

all you have to do is charge everything to your Carte Blanche Account.

**A look to the future.**  
Now, you might say it sounds like we have a lot going for us. We do. But like we said, when things are running smoothly, the sky's the limit. And we have a lot of plans for the future—some of them pretty revolutionary. You'll be hearing about them very soon.

For now, let's just say they'll be bringing Carte Blanche Credit to more people than ever before.

**You shouldn't be without us.**  
It all boils down to this. You should make room for us in your wallet—if only for the fact that we promise you the service you pay for. But we've given you all the other reasons. Just pick your own. Or, invent one.

**Talk to us.**  
At any rate, send us an application now. They're a very recognizable blue and white. And naturally, you'll find them at all the best places. Or you can write us at 2480 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90061.

**See what it's like to say "Carte Blanche!" (not "hello") instead of "Cheese!"**



**We give you  
more than credit.**



**Sugar cane does not grow  
in Canada...so these  
famous Lemon Hart Rums  
are 100% imported**



Lemon Hart Royal Navy Demerara...  
dark in colour but light on flavours.

Lemon Hart White - the fabulous new  
very light Demerara Rum - unique in  
all the world.

LEMON HART & SONS LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND



And Lemon Hart  
Golden Jamaica...  
light golden in colour  
but with all the  
powerful, rich  
flavour of  
Jamaica Rum.



## CASSAVETES from page 56

parodies of New York song pluggers: one of them, a large man with thick lips and cold eyes, at one point wistfully says, "Steak, baby, but will it sit?"

**CASSAVES** is hilarious. Everybody is laughing, shaking at the waxes and ordering drinks. Jack Ackerman, a small, bespectacled man who has composed some songs for Cassavetes' films, keeps leaning toward people confidentially and crowing the words of his last song:

*I found myself in Florida  
Three thousand miles from Philly  
I am besotted. This dialogue! Did  
Cassavetes script the whole thing?*

**CASSAVETES**  
I'll give you a release for the record.  
Read over the papers. Look, we  
made a deal, what, a month ago? We  
haven't got the papers yet.

**PETER PARK**  
What's the difference between work-  
ing with John and any other director?  
(Long, thoughtful pause.) It's the  
difference between dead and alive.

**GAZZARA**  
The understanding is there are no  
delusions right? We want from  
Dollar One.

**RED**  
(Old Broadway character who used to  
know Cassavetes, Karpis and everybody  
else) So I buy this part for \$15  
which is a lot of cash in 1934...

**PAUL**  
I'll have a piece of action to start  
I saw some action there.

**CASSAVETES**  
Jimmy Durante? Think of that! Ray,  
that's terrible!

**OFFENSIVE VOICE**  
The spaghetti is good, the sauce is  
bad.

**CASSAVETES**  
Hey, let's spend all our time in an  
invention. Our eyes become cameras!  
We don't shoot films any more. We  
look a film!

**GAZZARA**  
This script? My wife kill out of bed  
four times reading it. And did you  
see that shooting this morning? It's  
going to be one of the greatest movie  
scenes of all time or my name isn't  
Ben Gazzara!

**THE NEXT DAY**, after seeing the rushes  
of the morning's shooting, Cassavetes  
decided the great movie scene of all  
time was all wrong. He, Park and  
Gazzara sat up until 3 a.m. rewriting  
and rehearsing a new version. Then  
they spent another day shooting the  
revised scene until they felt they'd got  
it right. This is the way movies used  
to be written. Is it again obsolete? □

## Aquascutum Authority in Casual Aqualene® A unique blend of Fortrel and cotton.

His raincoat is a gallant interpretation of the shaped,  
double-breasted look. It's tailored from Aqualene,  
Aquascutum's exclusive fabric that combines the strength of  
Fortrel with the softness of cotton. Proofed with Aquo 5 to  
protect you from the roughest weather. The Lanier. About \$75.00  
at fine stores throughout the world. For the name of your  
nearest... write or phone.

\*Aquascutum Regd. in U.S. Patent Mark



**Aquascutum** FORTREL  
ESTD 1851 LONDON ENGLAND  
211 BROADWAY STREET, NEW YORK 10014 U.S.A.







*So good it's made Canada  
famous for beer  
throughout the world*

*Now enjoyed in over 60 countries.*



## Ladies aid society

These are the men who move the bulky goods... the ones who carry ten-foot sofas up three flights of narrow stairs... the fellows who put a sofa down through a five-foot door. Is it fair to expect them to also be gentle, understanding souls who sympathize with your moving day problems?

North American movers are this way. They have to be. After all, we're the van line that built a reputation on

understanding. We care for your precious belongings as if they were ours. That's how our men have earned the name, "GENTLEMEN of the moving industry."

If your wife cares to have her possessions cared for this way on moving day, call your North American agent. It's an easy way to win yourself a little badge for being such an understanding husband.



**NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES CANADA LTD.**

Member of the North American Van Lines System



**Maybe it's too much car for too little money.  
You tell us.**

The 1989 Toyota Crown completes luxury car comes fully-equipped with two options: A radio and automatic. Not to mention the chauffeur.

Of course, so do most of the American luxury cars that cost about \$5,000. With options extra.

The Toyota Crown has power-castered front disc brakes, collapsible steering column, deep-padded vinyl, reclining bucket seats, wall to wall deep-pile carpeting and tinted

side windows. Which is standard on most luxury limousines that sell for about \$5,000.

Instead of an eight, the Toyota Crown is powered by an overhead camshaft. To give better mileage. And comes with four on-the-floor or automatic. You've guessed it. The same equipment you pay more for as foreigner imported and GT types that sell for \$5,000.

In fact, the Toyota Crown has

everything that most of the luxury limousines have, except one thing: The fancy price tag.

The Toyota Crown costs \$3,280.\* Not \$5,000. Which proves you don't always get what you pay for.

So maybe the Toyota Crown gives you more luxury car for less money. We'd rather have it this way than more money and less car.

And this you don't have to tell us

**The Toyota Crown.**

\*Suggested list price. Monroney and Volkswagen, plus provincial and local taxes. Slightly higher in Ontario.

Canadian Motor Industries, Toyota Automobiles, Parts and Service from Coast to Coast

## THE NEW LEARNING: IT STARTS WHEN



## THE WALLS COME DOWN

If a rebel is one who refuses to blindly accept things the way they are, then the neighborhood primary school may right now be teaching your kids that rebellion is up there with cleanliness and godliness.

In a growing number of Canadian schools from kindergarten to college the lesson is, in effect: "It's your world, kid. Don't just stand there — question it. If you don't like it, change it if you can."

As revolutions go, this one largely lacks recognition. We all know about campus rebellion. A few of us know about new teaching methods at the kindergarten end of the educational age scale. Hardly anyone sees them as part of the same revolution which may turn education, and perhaps the world, on its ear.

A definition is a still photograph of something on the move. You cannot see

where it has come from, or where it may be going. Thus the following pages of Maclean's do not even try to define the revolution; they are, simply, a progress report dated Spring 1989.

The first part of the report is on the new primary schools-without-walls, which aim to produce children for whom life is one long, fascinating question mark, and to whom learning is a lifestyle.

The second is on Toronto's controversial Rochdale College, owned and run by students who, elsewhere, would probably start a campus war in the name of Freedom.

Both primary schools and college have similar aims: to produce an individual who can emerge from the mass, who insists on his right to self-development as a human being, not as a digital consumer and eminently disposable part of The Machine.

**BY ALAN EDMONDS**  
Photographs by Hans Eberich



## The new learning: Top marks for cribbing and noise!

**A**ttitude Heights Public School in Barrie, Ontario, is a school without walls, which is both a literal and a symbolic description of the building and the kind of education available in a score or so such schools opened across Canada in the past few years.

Literally, there are just about as many walls as you can have to support the roof. Instead of conventional classrooms, there are broad-based learning areas, such as big groups in house at least three age groups which, as in traditional schools, are called grades. Children of, say, five, six and seven, or eight, nine and 10, are bused in the same area.

Symbolically, there are no limits to the children's freedom to learn as much as they are able to fit into on their compulsive curiosity. No exams, as the kids don't grow up believing education is a series of specific tasks to be finished. No one who says, "You're all the same age, so all read Golden Treasury Reader No. 5." No orders to sit up, shut up and behave. For one thing, there aren't any desks, and many shaggy sectional tables, usually arranged at random, and for another, talking in class usually means one child is eavesdropping on another — and learning in the process.

At Attitude Heights one day in February, Louise Pearce and Elizabeth Goeckel, both 32, each spent the morning doing math, some spelling and a little handwriting. Each read out a novel and listened to some taped music. Each did different math, different spelling, read a different novel and listened to different music. They also did all these things at different times. Around them, the rest of teacher Elizabeth Pearce's class were drawing and painting, watching film strips or writing a dialogue story, working with atoms or simply staring on the carpet, reading.

Each was randomly, following a work schedule that he had set for himself, with Mrs. Pearce's approval. "There are goals," explained Mrs. Pearce. "I expect my pupils to have

the same knowledge and skills as others of their age. But we help them find their own way to this level."

What classmates Louise and Elizabeth did together that day was work on their joint February project, a study of the Galapagos Islands where Darwin developed his theory of evolution. This sort of thing has been called "discovery learning," having borrowed a tape recorder from the resource room, the girls worked up in the corridor and went to work on Darwin and the origin of species.

Later that month they presented their project in dramatic form. The other children voted for it as a one-of-a-kind thing. Had the girls worked, Mrs. Pearce would have awarded it as private.

Some schools without walls have abandoned marks entirely, but Attitude Heights' principal, Mrs. Dorothy Bending, says, "It's important for children to have a sense of achievement. Even so, scores out of 10 means we think they have not done as well as they are able as individuals, not as 10-year-olds, or 10-year-olds' standards. We're still learning. Maybe we'll abandon marks, too."

**B**obby McKinnick is just six, like 30 other particularly bright children in Mrs. Frances Bess's class of eight-year-olds. On the particular February day Bobby was to demonstrate dramatically a fundamental notion of school-without-walls; children can learn at their own pace. It was the day of The Great Toothpick Brawlthrough. For the first time those age groups — the eight, nine and 10s — in one learning area (called pods) were to work on units.

The focus was a wooden toothpick. There were three such areas, each one headed by one of the pod's three teachers. Science was subdivided into how are toothpicks made? Of soft or hard wood? How do they help teeth? What does a sorry look like? And so on. Social Studies involved discussing how items are put into a lumberyard, works, what other products are made from wood. Mathematics and art in-

volved measuring and weighing toothpicks, using them to make geometric shapes, drawing trees and cells, and using toothpicks to make baskets.

Each child chose a question to answer, a project to complete, then worked alone or with others. Bobby McKinnick chose to work with Paul Cherry, nine, and two 10-year-olds. "His work isn't as neat, but he's keeping up," said Linda Parker, the 10-year-old's teacher.

Some schools without walls have provided this freedom to encourage more from the start. Attitude Heights is more conservative. "If the children do too much discovery learning on their own without occasional checks and directions, their work becomes too shallow," says Mrs. Bess. "They must learn what there is to learn."

The Great Toothpick Brawlthrough lasted for more than a week with each child moving from one limited project to another. They always worked in class, usually lying on the broadloom. Principal Dorothy Bending plans to remove almost all tables and chairs from the school library. For children, teachers are a great place to work," she says.

Discovery learning isn't new, it is the basis of many systems of "free" education, and teachers in conventional schools regularly use many of the techniques. But even though discovery learning was the basis of recommendations in Ontario's recent Hall-Dennis Report on Education (an international study among educationists), the methods have rarely been regarded as surprisingly experimental, or experimental in existing schools. Discovery learning has, however, been embraced in the school-without-walls, designed to make any teaching methods to be used.

All depend on promoting a theme of freedom and responsibility. Attitude Heights pupils don't have to hang around the playground and school areas, designed by one of the pod's three teachers. Science was subdivided into how are toothpicks made? Of soft or hard wood? How do they help teeth? What does a sorry look like? And so on. Social Studies involved discussing how items are put into a lumberyard, works, what other products are made from wood. Mathematics and art in-

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**C**ouldn't it always be available. Terry Ellis, now seven, learned to operate Attitude Heights' fairly complicated film projector when he was only six. Ever since, he has been president of a school-without-walls in Montreal. "The kids in this new school get used to body contact and the number of fights is about halved."

On the February day *Starline's* photographer Flora Threlknot spent at the school. Terry showed a film to the five- and six-year-olds. The film was called *Kindness in Overtown*, which, as kindergarten teacher Ron Skow observed, was rather suitable for the occasion. "Since young Mr. Ellis got rather caught when he was leaving class and knocked an apple off a part of over the broadloom. You know, some days I could kill them all!"

The freedom of movement, working

while sprawled all over the floor and the co-operative projects have produced an unexpected side benefit of school-without-walls: a slow disappearance of the touch-taboo problems that bedevil Anglo-Saxon societies.

"In the conventional school, where everything and everyone has a place, a child reacts quite violently when another child touches or bumps against him," says the headmaster of a school-without-walls in Montreal. "The kids in this new school get used to body contact and the number of fights is about halved."

It is part of an observable tolerance toward one another in pupils of schools such as Attitude Heights. Principal Bending says, "There is said to be no academic, not academic, personal or extracurricular and the differences in maturity and learning ability. We do have a structure, because many agreed to have a meeting but it is, hopefully, one that changes to fit the children.

and demands children change to fit it.

As an experiment, school-without walls cannot be judged fairly for years. Their staffs do not say they will teach the child more, instead, he may learn less in the lower grades than at a more traditional school. They do hope to produce people for whom the learning process will end only when they die, not when they quit school.

Revolutions come more slowly to the nation's high schools. Some have organized classes, some give students a voice in running the school. But so many the principles on which Attitude Heights is built are still a luxury.

And therein lies a possible problem. Attitude Heights teacher Elizabeth Pearce says, "If some of our senior children move into a more structured, disciplined environment and are denied the freedom to move around, talk and set up their own work programs, then I think they will want to debate the matter with the authorities." □



## The new learning: Today it's chaos Tomorrow...FREEDOM?

THE THOUGHT: While freedom is that condition has to put the garbage out.

Rockdale College, Toronto, Canada, the eyes of the world are upon you.

Thus, after all, is what rebellion is all about: the very gritty of the half-hearted demands of Donald Colverson and Jerry Kahn and the futuristic computer-theorists at Sir George Williams and, when you get down to it, even Edridge Cleaver. At Rockdale, as at no other educational institution in the world, there's no compulsory Enrollment or arbitrary amount of tuition; there are no hangovers from yesterday's classwork to beg you. Just freedom, to do your own thing your own way, to build your own environment, to decide what you want to learn, and how. Freedom, radical democracy, search, at first anyway.

In part, the rhetoric behind Rockdale College goes something like this: Traditional education has become part of The Machine. At any given moment, The Machine needs so many engineers and doctors and truck drivers and physicists and short-order cooks. So it puts kids into one end of its educational system, force-feeds them so approved information, and from the other end — the high schools, colleges and universities — out pop so many engineers and doctors and truck drivers and physicists and short-order cooks. Most of them can't see beyond their occupational horizon. Most of them can't get along with one another. Alienation? C'est la vie.

But there's more to Rockdale than that. The old men who lead The Machine — those old capitalist lackeys, like university presidents, and me — they know it's all wrong. They know The Machine's educational prisons is something that ends. The student who graduates today not only doesn't know what's happening in the rest of the world, he has also stopped learning. He's got his education — and in 20 years he'll be hopelessly out of date. He doesn't really know how to learn about the new discoveries and so won't be able to use them to make better food preservatives or perhaps or opti-



Mathematician Shon Wall, an American 'insurance premium' (above) and Mary Gardner (above) is Rockdale's librarian. A form of algebra. We also conduct research in musical composition and other (below).



The author of *Robbery* is Neilson Adams, a character. An example of Rockdale, now works at the college's printing shop and says "Books, more anyway are comfortable."



The Rockdale gift shop (above) is a conference at all. It sells handbags, books by college students, your greeting cards, rough copies, leather-bound, and other things.

Over 1000 different items are sold at Rockdale. A lot of them are made by the students. The one who signed the design is, however, and we create (a-spectator). Our prices are always around \$100.00.

## ROCKDALE continued

these fibres, and to the company won't be able to make a profit out of what he can't make.

And if the truck driver is on a two-day week or is replaced by students, and doesn't know about life insurance for truck driving, then he's going to be a problem for society. Problems are expensive, and don't consume, so maybe Rockdale College isn't a bad idea. And supposing they're right...

It is an 11-story building on Bloor Street West in mid-Toronto, on the borders of the campus of the University of Toronto. It is a block long and can house 150 people in single rooms, shared rooms and two-bedroom apartments. Built by a student housing co-operative, Rockdale is double-headed: it is a high-rise apartment building that is also a college. Both are run by the people in them. They arrange it, make the decisions about rent, choose their own teachers, subjects, study methods, awards. The basic word, hopefully, is — at — as — consensus.

The manager is Bernie Berman, who used to be a New York executive and now never leaves a car. He calls it a living machine — "an 11-story machine that demands money, lubrication, supervision. And the contradiction is that the freedom goes along with people paying in an awful lot of time on the intricacies of survival. The idea of everything being participatory means you're got to get things organized if you want chaos. You need some order and order and order, streamers. This living your own thing rhetoric is beginning to be talked about as a myth. Doing your own thing means being self-centred, and instead of a very freehand feel, such as none, not doing the dishes."

Sheila Newell, 23, a student of French at the "straight" university (University of Toronto), says, "It's very annoying to get up to go to lectures in the first period, come to bed after being up all night on a noisy and trip in the lounge and door."

Dennis Lee, 29, used to teach at the "straight" university. He gave it up for Rockdale. Before he opened he was using such things as:

"What Rockdale is all about is having a system flexible enough to fit people, all kinds of people, rather than trying to make people fit a structured system (based on universities and someone else). It is a place where people must create their own environment, make their own decisions, learn to face themselves — because the basic truth everyone has is about himself — and learn to live and be complete, rounded people. Educationally, people must learn how to learn so that learning becomes part of

living, like sleeping or blowing your nose, and not something you do for a preordained period until you're assigned sufficient expertise in one field to go out and earn a living."

When Rockdale had been open for four months, he was saying: "Kids who've come up from a structural, conventional school system have a hard time handling Rockdale freedom. First, they go through a period of euphoria at this ideal world they've dreamed about, a sort of surrealism. Then they become disillusioned when they see that the people at Rockdale are just as venal and just as dirty and just as rich and as greedy as in the straight world. Some of them leave, then, and some of them go through a second surrealism to ease the disappointment, and then — hopefully — they come back to earth and realize they've got to live their own lives and accept responsibility for their actions."

Bernie LUBIN, a bearded New Yorker, who runs the building's boilers to pay his way through the college, believed in total freedom until, to be told a meeting of the college council, he began to realize that the building was being taken over every weekend by bearded, half-baked and glib-crashers.

Bernie Berman says: "Some crashers are good people. We've taken in about 30, and some of them work for their bed, like cleaning up. One has even started a crashers' minority. They make paper flowers in the second-floor lounge. But at weekends we have had maybe 200, including kids from the suburbs in for kicks or to get dope or who think they can come here and get a quick fix. They have taken over all tables, and then everyone you see in the public places is probably a crasher, some of them lying on the floor, dumping klib, dealing in dope, strapping up, jumping themselves with speed, or (rarely!) in walkmans, walking around making a noise, pulling fire alarms, just generally upsetting."

Consensus is putting a stop to that. There is even talk of putting back the lock someone removed from the front door in the name of Freedom, and supplementing it with a closed circuit TV camera.

WILF THE COLLAGE CHIEF, is a Yugoslavian-born vegetarian and philosopher. Mostly, he is occupied providing relatively plain meals as part of the room-and-board first-rate room checking-out evening meal food service. He finds the 34 best restaurant, "The Same," too substantial. His menu includes 19 kinds of honey, including honey, rosemary and onions, covered at 40 cents a portion, 25 kinds of oil-

sa, from straight Canadian to dandelion, 23 kinds of tea, from tea-bag through something called Constant Comment to Yerba Mate, 10 varieties of smoked meats, 22 varieties on the theme of pork, and 23 flowers for gold sticks, including anise, thyme and tamarind (a rare Indian date).

## I LOVE LOVE

(Except between 6 and 9 p.m., when I'm studying, and Wednesdays and Fridays, when I'm looking at doing my hair)

— Sign on 13th-floor apartment

The population of Rockdale is divided into students and residents. There are 200 students who, in theory, are dedicated to furthering their education solely through the college facilities. There are 200 residents, who take part in the experiment by living at Rockdale while attending courses at the "straight" University of Toronto.

Mary Trew, 23, is a Rockdale student. She moved in last September and began university in philosophy, sociology, physics, art and conventional French. After five months she said she had learned very little in the strict academic sense.

"I think I did quite well in high school, but by the time I graduated last year I'd had it with the formal education thing. Most of the other kids respected the whole authority structure, the parents and the teachers who wanted them to get good marks."

"From when you are five years old the system is teaching you that you have to be told what to learn and how to learn and where to learn, and that's why this situation at Rockdale is so different for most people."

"You are confronted with this world where there's no one to tell you what to do and where to go. For the first three weeks I was very keen on the whole idea of consensus, because there was nobody telling me I had to do this or that and why. But I grew up on it. It was difficult to handle all that freedom. I didn't want to be told and yet I had nowhere to go. I had nothing to rebel against, and nothing to follow."

"But it's so necessary to go through this. If I'd continued this way as a schoolgirl and had had to take responsibility for myself, it wouldn't be happening now, this flailing around looking for directions and answers."

"I didn't do anything systematically for five months. But it wasn't wasted. I more or less sat around and talked to people, learned to get along with others, how to manage from relationships. I said as well as be."

Mary Trew is now working as a waitress in the college restaurant to earn her keep and has played back continued on page 75

Oh, you men and your heroism!  
Do I always have to earn  
my Canadian Club the hard way?

Yes.



A reward for men. A delight for women.

Smooth as the wind.

Mellow as sunshine.

Friendly as laughter.

The whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.



## A black and white photograph of a man wearing a cap and light-colored shirt, operating a riding lawn mower. The mower is a single-deck model with a large fuel tank on the right side. The man is positioned behind the steering wheel, looking forward. The background is a blurred outdoor setting, possibly a lawn or field.



• COMPACT TRACKS • 2 TO 14 HP STANDARDS AND HYDROSTATIC • RIDING AND WALKING POWER MOWERS • TILDS • SNOW THROWERS • SNOWMOBILES

A black and white photograph of a large, crowded outdoor event, likely a fair or festival. The foreground is filled with numerous small, dark, rectangular objects, possibly tents or stalls, arranged in rows. In the background, there are tall, thin structures, possibly towers or masts, and a large, light-colored building or tent structure. The sky is bright and hazy.



At the time of the study, all of the 100 employees were employed by the same company, and all of them were employed in the same department. The company was a small, family-owned business, and the employees were all employed in the same department. The company was a small, family-owned business, and the employees were all employed in the same department. The company was a small, family-owned business, and the employees were all employed in the same department.



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One of the smoothest ways  
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The Black Velvet Canadian Whisky Company. A Division of Gilbey Canada Limited

#### ROCHDALE, CONT'D

into the philosophy and sociology seminars. She says she has a self-imposed regimen, that she doesn't even about giving education for a job, that she just wants to be a good human being and that Rochdale will help.

Education was to have been by seminar. The "traverse person" — philosopher, economist, sociologist, scientist — would provide the information and cover the areas chosen by a consensus of students. A dozen seminars started.

There were no plans for diploma or degrees. The hope was simple: that, over the years, Rochdale "graduates" would so amply demonstrate their abilities that attendance alone would earn any recognition desired.

By Christmas, most seminars had failed, or were in limbo. "They were too democratic," says Regina Jack Diamond. "Students don't know what there is to know and must have some direction. There was no discipline; anyone could go in at any time. Then everyone got caught up in the growing pains of the building."

By March, however, things had looked up. Some seminars were running. Others had some (also being spontaneously). These included groups studying music, real estate (for a back-to-estate movement), film making, ceramics, woodwork, primitive religions, evolution, drama, yoga, cooking and something called The Uppies Research Institute.

Democracy was the only thing to kill seminars. As Regina Diamond says: "Before Rochdale, it was easy for people to say that external conditions prevent your growth from blossoming. Then they come here, get the freedom, and discover they still can't write like Muler or paint like Pollock or blow horn like Miles Davis and it's a big disappointment. It's hard to cope with."

He is about 24, blond, wavy hair and has a big head and a lot of curly hair. Luciana is a good word. He also has his hand still stuck through the glass front of the food-serving machine when Luciana Bousier, the manager, catches him.

Why did you do that?

Because while he looks at the food.

Well... I put about two dollars' worth of quarters in and nothing came out. I wanted that coin. It's stolen and I believe. I think, but nothing kept coming out.

Why did you hit it?

I didn't. About 10 minutes ago someone came by and told me to tap it. So I tapped it.

Can you pay for the damage? It certainly will. Send me the bill. I'm giving you the bill now — \$15. Well, I've got a dollar and some. Where do you live? Identification?

He produces a U.S. draft card and a driver's license with a Rockcliffe, Ottawa, address.

The crowd now consists of six people: a man, a woman, an act of students, three bell-boys, two waiters, one milkster, a glass of groovy glass. Consensus began. Let him go, because he was only doing his thing. Hey, Rochdale, call the cops.

Just Joel.

Joel is well dressed, with nice adobe, blue shirt, jeans too tight for his diet. He strides through the bell-boys.

You pay, folks, or we will lay an information against you for malicious damage and attempted robbery.

You can't hold me. I'm leaving.

Oh, you're not.

Joel extends a gleefully authoritative paw.

I am placing you under citizen's arrest for malicious damage to the property of Rochdale College, to wit, the food-serving machine.

The crowd is silent. Joel is a leader of men.

The second thinks through his groovy glasses and observes that actually he lives in Bermuda. He still has dignity, no matter how small.

The crowd, meanwhile, moves in a prophetic herd in sandals and beads above his way through, sending a large blue broom and begins to sweep up the broken glass.

Sorry no longer with the evidence but this stuff is disgusting.

His mind acts as very, very slow. Joel tells someone to call the police and he says: Like hell. Someone else go.

Striking, waving. The student strikes and swings, and the accused says they had no right to take his identification away.

That card, Joel says. When you are under arrest you may be searched unless you produce a card of diplomatic immunity. Any citizen may make a citizen's arrest if he has good reason to believe a felony has been committed. I must warn you anything you say will be taken down and may be used in evidence.

A second prophetic head leans his head in the ring. Hey you also gotta tell him he don't have to say anything.

The second French Canadian in protective gear. Will you work for the damage? Will you work for Rochdale? Eh?

French Canadian really do wear their heads a lot.

The second French Canadian in protective gear. I've got some very good Jewish lawyers.

The police arrive, very oddball in colors and hair, and Joel pulls.

I placed this man under citizen's arrest and duly cautioned him. Is any

opinion he is not high, though I'm not a qualified medical professional.

A lucky, colorful prophetic head in French Canadian moves his chin to feel.

What do you want?

Some bell-boys from the rear says it's no good asking him anything because he won't know anyone this month. He doesn't either.

Rochdale set up 50 qualifications for entry beyond. Can you pay the rent? Well, do you know anyone in the old Rochdale College (which consisted of about 100 people)?

These months and a lockdown later, the college council decided that next year there will be some criteria for admission. At the time of writing they were still trying to decide what these criteria should be.

It all involves the question: what is Rochdale? Federal officials seem to have accepted that Rochdale is an educational institution and have related the 11-member housing committee. Toronto City Council doesn't agree, and the college is suing the city in the Ontario Superior Court for a tax remission on the grounds it is, so they, an educational institution.

The first troublemaker is before the kitchen were locked. For two months, the college provided about 600 TV dinners a day. A total of almost 4,000 TV dinners was consumed before the kitchen was taken control. When they did open freeholders caused chaos. Reels are exclusive so students don't pay. Neither did the guys-crashers. The manager finally appointed a crusher as a student's constant. A woman of about 65, she sat at the door, asking for proof of residence. As payment, she ate free. She was the most efficient student the student ever had, but students objected on the grounds that it was a manifestation of the freedom on which the college is based.

They took a consensus and found the old girl. She stuck around free-loading for a week, then vanished. No one ever knew her name.

STUDENT PROTEST. Rochdale was, in a sense, inspired by the pillar of the prophetic world of capitalism, the modern-day student. Rochdale Properties, which sometimes stress to own half the apartment buildings in Toronto, managed the land, then suggested it would be a good place for a student residence.

The college's Co-operative building was signed and constructed \$160,000, mixed with on other residences (old houses) as security, plus the idea that Rochdale should also be a "true" college. The developers took back a second mortgage for about \$100,000.

continued on page 77

# Would you risk a botched up Caribbean trip for 2 or 3 bucks?



**M**ICHAEL MANN did. He lost \$200 in cash on his Caribbean trip. For \$2, he could have taken the \$200 in American Express Travelers Cheques. Got his money back—and gone right on enjoying his trip.

Don't make Michael Mann's mistake when you travel out of the country. Don't stuff your wallet full of cash. Because lost or stolen cash could botch up the trip you've looked forward to all year long.

Why take such a crazy risk, when for a couple of bucks you can carry American Express Travelers Cheques?

These Cheques are famous as *The Healer Money*, because that's what they do. If they get lost or stolen, you go to the local American Express office or representative. (They're all over the world.) Get your missing Cheques replaced. And your trip is rescued.

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**Cost?** Just 1% for every dollar's worth of Cheques you buy. And you have a choice of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100 denominations. So if you buy \$200 worth, it costs you \$2. If you buy \$200 worth, it costs you \$2. You get the idea.

So before you take a trip to the Caribbean—or anywhere—put with a couple of bucks. Get some American Express Travelers Cheques where you bank.

It makes a lot more sense than putting with your whole bankroll.



American Express Travelers Cheques  
The Healer Money

## ROCKDALE (from page 73)

Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. up 50 percent of the \$5.7 million total cost on the same terms as those under which they finance university buildings. Grouping is owned by a company called Co-Operative College Residence Inc.

Beginning March 1, they started repaying CMHC at the rate of around \$20,000 a month. The second mortgage will either debt upward to about another \$4,000. Provided they have a 95 percent occupancy in school year and 85 percent in summer, they can pay the mortgages, expenses and the state basis rate from about \$10 a month for a single furnished room with shared kitchen and bath, through slightly higher rates for full board, to \$110 a month for an unfurnished one-bedroom apartment. All students pay \$27 a year membership dues in the college itself.

The way the newspapers tell it, Rockdale is in a constant state of turg, which is truly pretty true.

At first, one was so quite sure how to handle all that heady, enlightening freedom (radical, many still aren't). There was a three-month fresh-out, involving nearly the 300 or so full-time Rockdale students and just a few of the residents, who are mostly straight.

In the early days you could readily buy street any drug. Now it's hard to get anything but pot, hashish or LSD and its cousin, R. By contrast, hard-core drugs, such as speed (methamphetamine) and alcohol. Vigorous groups have ordered three pushers who trade in speed to leave out of the building. Users' committees have been set up to police the use of drugs, and anyone caught turning on or passing in a ward against a report of such irresponsibility. Giving drugs to strangers is also frowned upon.

All LSD that comes into Rockdale can be — and usually is — analyzed at what one official described as the "damned-run acid-test laboratory": the kitchen hood, badly made and can be dangerous.

And sex?

"There's a lot of opportunity," says one 20-year-old girl. "But I doubt whether there's more promiscuity here than elsewhere. People who live in Rockdale do it in beds, and people who live in ordinary university residences or with their parents do it in cars. Beds are more comfortable."

Remember, Rockdale is part of a provision that requires not much beyond their parents' drink. As for sex, nothing's changed much beyond the status.

O consensus, consensus!

Soon after the college opened, crude graffiti in Magic Marker ink appeared on hallway walls. Boys one student called a "vandal" started scribbling constantly. Some people were fed up with four-letter words and bits of anatomy all over the walls. But others thought it was a valid, spontaneous art form, so no one could decide what to do. In February, in another outburst of spontaneity, a group of tenants went around making walls, which was rather arbitrary of them.

At first, the management council consisted of any college members who wanted to help make decisions by consensus. Result: no decisions.

In January a new 13-man council sat out to hold open meetings at which college members could vote.

The first was in a lounge on the second floor. About 100 people drifted in and out, so there were always about 60 people present, mostly on the floor. It was held during the latter part of live hours and at some point everyone spoke, except for a fat girl in slacks and sweater who wasn't wearing a bra and marched about a dozen candy bars as the focus against the piano, which had the sheet music for *Clare de Lune* and the Royal Conservatory grade-four etudes on the stand.

The assembled boards and bands, both-behind and Boston accents dedicated, disaffiliated, professed a consensus of opinion, and consensus. Mr. Chairman, and main-debutant who had been recognized by the chairman at the next speaker — though it wasn't always clear who the chairman was.

By breaking much democracy and rule of consensus, it was decided to decide not to decide anything, except for a few conditions of money slightly more stringent than those in the average apartment building. Regular ink (diamond was moved to observe).

"Look — it's the same kind of story. Like, if we want to get things done, we have to do unpleasant things, like writing things down and submitting them in advance to council meetings. Let's not let ourselves that we're building a new and better world by getting 60 people together and announcing an admirable decision."

Later he said he was not giving up on Rockdale, that he was not leaving a sinking ship, that his resignation had no significance beyond the fact that he was fed up with being begged down in the detail of trying to fix the college without the aid of an action, devious council.

He also said he had the beginnings of a stomach ulcer.

Will rockdale stay anarchic? Will it develop a structure flexible enough to adjust to future generations? Will it develop an Establishment, become as reactionary in the world it itself? Will the college feel and become just another student response? Rockdale wonders, too.

**WARNING!**

This apartment is provided by a 40-student nuclear disaster which will be majorly or minorly, or somewhat every, of any conventional person, which included. So watch it.

— Fourth-floor apartment up

Midway through February there was someone talk that Rockdale was falling. In expectation, some people quit the building — but remained in the college, attending seminars. You could hear people say, "Let's have the goddamn building closed." The whole idea of housekeeping and co-existence while doing your own thing was interfering.

Denis Lee remained in the college newspaper: "There is a minority who fairly disparate national needs which the rest of us can't meet, and trying to do so ties us into a syndrome of crisis/indolence, which frustrates the slower and more organic process of education." His words of social, organizational, and economic crises so disarming college life that the educational process had no time to take root. "This week is the purple chair and first alarm, last week it was the kitchen problem. The week before, the security of getting a course elected. And so on, ad nauseum."

As I SAID at the start, the trouble with freedom is that someone has to put the brakes out. The trouble with educational freedom is that first you have to learn how to learn.

Argument on Rockdale, or others it has inspired, cannot be passed for years. Perhaps 20 years. Deep down, perhaps obscured by the need to make sure the clock is on, is the fact that what Rockdale is trying to do is change the world, or, more precisely, change the people in it.

Perhaps it can, perhaps it can't. Perhaps Rockdale won't stand a chance until the kids from Allendale Heights get there.

**LIFE IS HARD**

Colburn st.

— Sign on door: Apt. 1610, Rockdale College. □





First, the loss of the Empire.  
Then England went mini and mod.  
Now, they've challenged  
London Dry Gin!

What's next? The old school tie?

It had to happen. A gin came along that's just a shade different: Golden in colour, mellow, and very distinctive. So add this Midas touch to all your gin drinks. Grey Cup Golden Gin.



# JOURNEY TO ANOTHER PLANET GREECE

GREECE, in spite of its dictatorship, is one of the few places where you still find spontaneity, joy and warm conversation between human beings. Mrs. Moll doesn't simply because they feel like dancing, sing at the balconies of fishing boats and live with such zest that a visit to Greece is like being dropped on to another planet. The relaxed life is partly due to the sunny climate. The sea is warm and as clear as gin. A man will go out in the evening for a swim with his dog, the two floating along a quieter mile offshore like cork. Much of the life in Greece takes place outdoors. Restaurants open on tables on the sidewalk and, if they need more space, right on out on to the street. In some towns, such as Patras, the street is barricaded so cars won't annoy the diners. People parade languidly up and down the white-washed streets, and the voices of village children playing games in the soft Aegean night is one of the memorable sounds of Greece.

I had a unique look at all this when my wife and I took a two-week cruise on a 75-foot motor yacht owned by a professor of classics at the University of Calgary a tall, 70-year-old Oxford graduate, named Athos D. Wasegar. He spends his summers on the boat, the *Lysistrata*, informally shepherding shore trips to archaeological sites and giving classical lectures which he calls, less formally, "cock talks." Wasegar put the idea of conducting cruises on chartered Greek fishing boats while visiting Europe in 1958, and a few years later had the *Lysistrata* built in a shipyard near Athens. Wasegar was the first pioneering aspect of the cruise. Becoming a straggler of scholarship for his roots in Alberta where his father told the family when Athos was 11. The result of this mixed background was that Wasegar could stretch from quiet poetry, at maturity as a *Shewer* talk jokes, to belting out a solo of *Never On The Range* in full view of Mount Paros. He usually accom-



He's relaxed, sunny, sporty-neous, where a man can dance and snap his fingers without feeling lousy. It's a world apart — yet just a direct-flight away. It's where you can live on a budget — and cruise on a yacht, with a Canadian classics professor to guide you. Robert Thomas Allen knows why you won't want to leave: he's been there

present us on our evening stroll around town, wearing a purling cap, smoking a Papazouli cigarette, ordering drinks for us in every Greek.

During our visit to these towns it was hard to believe that back in North America there was a world where people handled travel with confidence and cheer. On a September night, a town such as Nauplia on the Gulf of Argos is a village under some kind of enchantment. You hear about, look at

a doorway of a café and see a man, alone and in short-sleeved, doing a polished and intricate dance among the tables. He waves and invites you to join him. You sit at a pattern of light made by a street lamp shining through leaves. You look up at a Byzantine fortress or baroque Venetian castle on a moonlit mountain and feel that you've lived here before. Families dine at tables laid with white tablecloths in a town square under a fountain-shaped street lamp. Children play around the tables; there is quiet conversation, the click of wine glasses.

Greek children, at least I can see, are about the luckiest in the world. They wander among parents' and grandparents' legs at all hours, thoroughly loved and kept close to approval. The process of going to bed apparently stretches out indefinitely. You hear a child's laugh somewhere above you at 10 in the evening and look up and catch a glimpse of a hair-bellied youngster being chased around a balcony by a doting grandmother. I asked one Greek woman if they had women in Greece. She didn't know what I meant. When I explained, she looked at me as if I were mad. In Greece you take the children with you to have a good time.

Parents seem to take a special pride in dressing their children. You walk up a street that looks like a social worker's nightmare, and are coming out of a dark and squallid doorway a little girl in an immaculate dress so white you'd think she was standing in a spotlight. And young people behave toward adults in a way that's enough to make anyone from the wrong side of the North American generation gap break down and sob. Teenage daughters hold their mothers' hands. High-school kids shove through the crowds in buses to help you find your way and wave to you when you get out.

The Greeks are inconspicuously the most open, widely friendly people I've encountered. You'll be in a fascinating cluster of shops as, say, Ni-

# GREECE

continued

picture, buying a pair of running shoes. Customers stand around staring at you until you wonder if you're violating some local taboo. Then suddenly one will hand down and feel to see if your toes come to the end and you realize they're really worried about you. Once when my wife and I were leaving for some fish, a man and woman came out of a shop giggled, smiled vigorously and sent across the road for a friend who spoke English. While we waited, they brought out a wine and baklava kitchen chair for my wife, handed it off, blew on it and reasoned her to sit down, and both stood beaming at us to indicate they couldn't have been happier about us being there, although they hadn't the faintest idea what we wanted. Another time when we wandered around a maze of silent, narrow back streets of a town that wandered up a hillside, admiring the flowers that bloomed against the white stone walls, a woman in a black head kerchief came bustling out of a house toward us, grasped our hands and smiled in a spontaneous personal welcome to Greece. Greek people act without hesitation or anticipation of goodwill. Once, up in the hills, a man whom we'd turned down as a guide came running after us and handed my wife a flower to show there were no hard feelings.

Greek towns have retained the sounds and feeling of some home things we have almost forgotten. A man going to work doesn't disappear with an anxious look into a commutator train; he waves for half an hour from his small fishing boat to his children on the quay. There was so much going on around the waterfront and the village streets that the passengers of the Lyssitika class found a hard time keeping their minds on Wimpsey's talk. One time while he read from Thucydides of the Spartan-Asian war with the same lesson that confounded the Ciceronian class, unwinding his hair like loose ends of a ball of string, a little girl up on an old Venetian wall shouted a shrill "Good-by" through so many vivid moments of August history that Wimpsey, whose expression alternates between a rather terrifying avish stare and a pleasant boyish grin, exploded, "Oh, for 'GOOD-BY!'"

Wimpsey's talk, tied in with our visits to archaeological sites. At Mycenae he led us along the Greekmen's ramparts of the Lion's Gate and in the clear, old

One of the most spectacular sights in Greece is the rock, sky-filling ancient display seen from the shore of Poros after a two-hour drive from Athens.



morning took from *Aphrodisias*, first on Greek then in English, starting with the salubrious of the waitresses who had been waiting for the cows from Troy." — so now I am still enough for the special Dorian. The planning for that is to happen away from Troy and tidings of its capture. For then rules my Queen, woman in someone heart and mine in strength and purpose? Other parties of tourists and artistry and artistry on the ancient shores, if not understanding the words, seeing their dramatic impact and, perhaps, a message clear to every wife who for the past 3,113 years has wanted to stick her husband.

While Womper taught at a lot of Greek history, Maria, the wife of the Captain, Michael Aggelides of the Lyceum, and her daughter Vasiliki gave us our first real experience with modern-Greek cooking. We had green peppers and tomatoes, stuffed with meat and rice, a delicious beef soup, mezezhaki, a standard Greek dish, which is a widely varying sort of Greek shepherd's pie topped with cheese, and chicken baked in an olive oil sauce. Most dishes are served with a sauce made from olive oil, as common to Greek tables as butter is to ours. Some people object to the very thought of it I don't like it myself when it's poured pure over, my slices of fresh tomato or cooked chicken squish. But cooked olive oil takes on a nutty, non-olive oil flavor, and when it is flavored with tomato sauce and spices, it's delicious.

One of the things I like about the Greeks is that they love the odd drinking water cooking. You get it in a decanter and it seems as the decanter is empty, it's filled again. But if you're something stronger, there's a variety of drinks available. There's the Greek spirit, it's made from grapes, some, flavored with saffron, and smells and tastes like licorice. It is probably the strongest drink I've ever tasted except straight gin, and this year in a heavy wet, giving you a solid, bone hard of shivering from the bottom upward. Friendly bartenders tell you that there is about all anyone can take without getting sick, which Greeks never seem to do. Because, a Greek grape wine, flavored with pine resin, has the scent of a very good varnish, but tastes like wine. It's supposed to be almost unpalatable to North Americans, but I found I could swallow unlimited quantities of it with a steady smile. The older it gets the better it gets and the less rain flavor it has. The many other light white and red table wines, to me, tasted like any good French or Californian wine.

Our cruise ended at Piraeus, the

port of Athens, which was so jammed that the Lyceists could only pass heavily at dusk while we passed and read our good-bys in a wild hurry. My wife and I took a cab for seven miles to southern Athens, where we stayed in for three weeks.

Later, we made a pilgrimage to the Parthenon, which can be seen from all directions glistening serenely in the twilight, and took a bus ride to Stauron on the southern coast of Attica. We spent an evening up in the hills of Athens watching two hours of Greek folk dancing, and a few nights before we left for home we went to a wine festival in Dafnos, a mountainous village. There they sell herbs to get in and spend the evening there

drinking as much as you want from big bags of 12 different kinds of wine, free. You wander around with a carafe or a glass in your hand listening to music and watching Greek men, women and toddlers dance. My last recollection of this place was the sight of a little boy who seemed about a foot and a half high standing in front of the camera, at once hypnotized by the music, arms outstretched, bending his knees, looking as if he were going to try to fly. A man came up and began to circle him, snapping his fingers, everybody applauding. It was hard to leave the scene, and it was even harder when, shortly after our leaving in Dafnos, we had to leave Greece. □

Getting there is only some of the fun and most of the money. Then it's relax and enjoy, at bargain prices

A holiday in Greece, compared to a visit to most other European countries, costs much for the trip but a lot less when you get there. Canadian Pacific Airlines has a direct flight from Toronto, or Montreal, to Athens, which costs from \$544 round, excursion fare, to \$1,126 first class. Ordinary economy means you'll find it's less than an eight-hour flight to Rome, where you land down heavily but don't change planes, then two hours later you are in Athens. You can also get to Greece by taking the train from Rome to Brindisi for \$18 and a Hellenic Mediterranean Line ferry from Brindisi to Piraeus on the Greek Peloponnese for \$21.50 with a cab for the daily meals or less if you just go to Corfu or continue to Athens. Domestic Airways flies from Corfu to Athens for \$12. When my wife and I took the rail-and-sea route there were no double cabaret available on the ferry, so my wife joined the other women passengers and I shared a cabin with four men. We arrived in Athens at 11:30 a.m. and later in the same day found young men with a guitar were playing *Never On Sunday*, which is now banned in Greece.

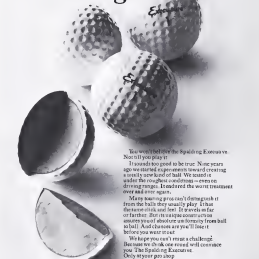
Since the military dictatorship took over, tourist trade has fallen off about 25 percent. Empty cruise ships pass the harbor. Yet the government is making great efforts to offset the damage done to the tourist industry. Customs and immigration officials bend backward to make things easy for visitors. Foreigners get 20 percent off the cost of land travel. Even without these advantages Greece is an exceptionally inexpensive place to visit. A spare but clean and comfortable double room with private bath and a balcony at the *Aegean Hotel* overlooking *Olympia* (Homer's) Square is a real bath of value in

domestic Athens, only \$1.06 a night. Five feet in turn is 13 cents. You can get a drink of wine for 18 cents, a 300-gram bottle of Domestica wine with your meal for 45 cents and a kilogram of various wine for 35 cents. A quarter of a bottle of wine, the best I've ever tasted with cooked potatoes costs about 50 cents. A couple can have dinner out and go to a movie for about two dollars. You can really pay more if you go to places near the tourist areas but in the village prices are even lower than those shown.

The crime on the Lyceists costs about \$300 (calculated on \$248 U.S. funds) plus your bar bill, a tip of \$15 for the crew and the cost of land transportation and admission to museums and archaeological sites, which, for two weeks, cost in the neighborhood of \$15. First course is given to all bona-fide students from the University of Calgary and other free and half-price courses in archaeology and archaeology. The Lyceists makes 18 two-week cruises between April and last September, covering six seas from Corfu to Rhodes and Istanbul and the Greek islands off the Turkish coast. There was cruise number nine, around the Gulf of Corinth, the Aegean Gulf and so on, around the Aegean Peninsula, stopping at Naxos, Ios, Corfu, Rhodes, Agios, Mytilene, Spinali, Piraeus, Athens, Piraeus, Mytilene, and Piraeus with daily trips to islands and that included Delphi, Mycenae and Mycenae.

But encourage to the same labor scale used in Greece is very cheap, and tips by policy are even cheaper. A two-hour bus ride from Athens to Samos, or the far southeast coast of Attica, for 10 minutes costs \$1.50 a person, and for a small admission charge you can visit the ruins of one of the most spectacular sights of Greece, where you look out over the Aegean from ruins that have not been and break over the rocks 200 feet below.

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# Better Way to Fight Constipation



## Because it Actually Aids Digestion

When you're constipated, you may also suffer from "flat" indigestion. Your system just doesn't digest fatty foods properly and you get that crumbly, bloated feeling that makes constipation even more distressing.

To get real relief from constipation and the accompanying feeling of fullness and bloating, that the indigestion that follows depends on too long-drawn-out "trials." It's more than a laxative for it actually helps you digest both food and medicine. CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets.

CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets act on stomach and thoroughly "scrub" stomach, cleansing at night—and they are a wonderful aid to better digestion. They contain a combination of special medicinal ingredients to give you this complete 3-ingredient relief. These ingredients not only give you a full bowel movement without cramping or burning, but the exclusive ingredient "Caroid" helps digest the protein in your diet.

The "bile salts" maintain the flow of liver bile to break down and help you digest all that protein-rich "fat" substance.

CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets give you complete, gentle, dependable relief from constipation. And best of all, the benefits of CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets can be gradually reduced until they are no longer needed.

Special Introductory Offer: SAVE 34¢! Send 25¢ to P.O. Box 3089, Dept. CML, Chicago, Illinois. We will send you a sample 50¢ box of CAROID AND BILE SALTS Tablets. Send today. Offer good only in U.S. and Canada. \*Send "Your Check Now for a refund in return of your money."

# TRAVEL

## Discover your own Europe

Let's assume you've already taken one European holiday, made the Grand Tour circuit and seen most of the standard sights. What took the edge off your enjoyment of that trip was the crush of your fellow tourists. Even when you were on the Champs Elysees or gazing in awe at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, you were unfortunately conscious of being in a crowded corridor. And the fun of poking down with Alice to Buckingham Palace to see the Changing of the Guard was somewhat spoiled when you heard the crack of a thousand cameras clicking at once. So now you are going to Europe again and this time you want to avoid the hell of other people.

Two could as easily achieve your purpose by looking through to each other's back—there are no such things as "back seats" in Europe. For sure, no advantage that—unless you happen to be widely misinformed about dockyards, steel mills and big boys. There are, however, hundreds of ways to Europe which are actually worth seeing that will have been missed by American Express and where, as yet, no uncondemned billion dwells the eternal agony. There are ways of getting there—or of getting nowhere in particular—that can give you a splendid insight into the world's most essential existence. The following ten suggest only three of an infinity of options.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MYSTIC At first glance, a trip to Europe's first North would seem to come pretty low on any Canadian tourist's priority list—was the second time around. After all, didn't we have Arctic enough of our own? Yes we do, but we haven't developed it the way the Scandinavians have. It's worth a visit just to see what Canada's north will (or shouldn't) look like in 50 years. The area has fantastic scenery along with a number of people and there's something about each, each of them roughly on the same latitude as Inuit. There's Kuznetsov, a Swedish colonizing city of 20,000, which has done in at least two generations. It's the world's largest city to area (more than three million acres) and beneath all that except for what the modern shows is the world's biggest mine. Even so, it's not as big as the city. Visit on one make the same tour in a Meridian cabin. In Norway, there's hours by the hour (also you can visit Tromsø). This city boasts the world's most northern beauty (think of excellent jobs in the hemisphere) a restaurant atop a hillside.

(continued on page 89)



## the perfect gift for any occasion

Flex-Flux watch bands are so completely flexible and durable, they're a welcome gift any time. Available in 15 Flex-Flux combinations any watch and some complications for the wearer. Ask for them by name—the genuine FLEX-FLUX watch band.

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THE MARITIMES  
New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island

# makes a great everything



**Alberta Vodka**  
It takes more than a Russian name to make a great Vodka!

## TRAVEL from page 96

high mountains reached by cable car and a whisking station that welcomes tourist operators. The Finnish equivalent is a city called Rovaniemi, a polariscope town designed by Alvaro Aalto. But in half Brazil, half Kenya, Rovaniemi too if you go between the end of May and the middle of July, you can enjoy us at multiple heights in Arctic sun.

Swedish costs less, too. If you yearn for a better view, try the Andalusian coast down in the bottom left-hand corner of Europe. Seville is Muslim and dense east. The coast to the west toward Gibraltar, less dense, raised by Muslim-influenced developers, the fragment of Africa of Torremolinos once the prettiest coastal village on the continent, are now heavy with the smell of champagne and strawberries. But in the other direction there are only dunes, unpopulated some and villages sailing between the two. The sea and sun-drenched hills of the Costa Brava. There are also golden beaches nearby for milk after milk, trimmed by patches of vegetation and empty space for the backs of sun-bathing boats drying on the sand. No ugly hotel-fronted houses on Canarian shade umbrellas, no armies of pale southerners, no endless Dunkirk in the Mediterranean. Any tourist who has fought for holiday space on the beaches of Florida or the French Riviera will be amazed that such lovely beauty still exists. The area is so lush in economy and outlook. The food is simple and wonderfully cheap. Avoid mass dining but do start to try the seafood picnic — always eaten with rice — that is the standard food here. At Madrid, head north to Granada. It's a lovely morning drive over the more breathtaking mountain road in all Berns, though yes to the equally convoluted beauty of the Alpujarras, a mountain range of Moorish architecture.

The coast of Galicia. There are more than 100 castles, monasteries and fortified country houses in the North. And evidence of the fact that for the past 1,000 years the rulers of Europe have been using the coastline as a frontier security ground. Dozens of castles and monasteries are still standing. The British, who came in 1588. Other popular castles are Muxia, 90 miles east of Amsterdam, and Doña, a medieval granite fort of the 13th century where Gernsey's King William II lived in 18th-century modern from 1920 and 1941. Many of the castles contain fine private art collections. A tourist who really wants to avoid the crowds can also visit the castles by bicycle. Some islands are conveniently flat. The Dutch go in for cycling as a big sport. Visitors who want to see the famous apple orchards of Northern France will find that the burgomasters will be delighted to guide them on a bicycle tour of the area. □



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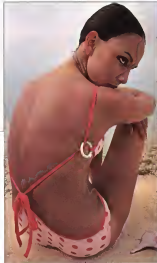
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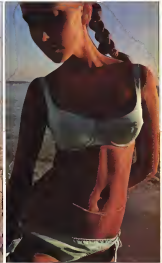


Cover star Marilyn Brooks of *The Untouchables* (up with a really good looking act). This year's drag is for the Queen of Canada. 334

## WHO NEEDS THE COVER-UP FAD?



Left: a Swedish star (just) looking out from *Five Star Fashion*. 335



Right: a British star (just) looking out from *Five Star Fashion*. 336

The big fashion push for the beaches of '89 are those boring little cover-up dresses, you know, the ones that don't do much except disguise a thick waist or a bulgy bottom.

The suits shown here, you might say, are *outrage* fashions—they're strictly for shapely women and they're constructed to enhance a lovely body.

They won't do a thing to hide pudginess.

They will attract every male eye around and you'll be able to find them in stores across Canada in spite of this year's fashion.





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 VOLUNTARY TAX**



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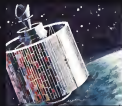
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 MONEY ORDER

PLEASE INDICATE AMOUNT  
 OPPOSITE  
 MONTH OF YOUR CHOICE

JAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	JULY	<input type="checkbox"/>
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MARCH	<input type="checkbox"/>	SEP	<input type="checkbox"/>
APRIL	<input type="checkbox"/>	OCT	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Margaret was found in a back home of Columbia Street in her despair. Her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up or why her father doesn't come home, or why she still finds in her stomach work to do.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition, a killer that claims 18,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 440 pounds of food a day per person. You know your family's struggle to find a family of six in the land.

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending. For only \$100 a month you can sponsor her or one of thousands of other desperate youngsters. You will give the child's picture, personal letters, and the opportunity to exchange letters. Christmas cards and personal friends.

Since 1959 sponsors have helped this to be an ultimate, purpose-to-bean way of sharing their surplus with children around the world.

So what you help? Today's **Sponsorship Agency** for children in India, Pakistan, Korea, Hong Kong, South America.

FOR IF it is impossible to have a normal and well-adjusted child, it is impossible to have a normal and well-adjusted parent. The child's life is a struggle to survive. The parent's life is a struggle to survive. The child's life is a struggle to survive. The parent's life is a struggle to survive.



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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN

## MEDICINE

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Are you the kind of patient who drives doctors to an early grave?

WAS THERE EVER a time when so many medical things were being said about the family doctor? I doubt it. In the head lines and the later columns of our newspapers he's under attack — for not making house calls, for not responding to "emergencies" for rushing through appointments. The underlying reason for some of the complaints — the fact that medical insurance has enabled almost everyone to afford the doctor's services and that only half of the producers produced by our medical schools today become general practitioners — does not inhibit the critics. All they know is that they couldn't get service when they want it. Or they didn't like the service they got. Or they thought it cost them too much. They blame the doctor.

There had to be another side to the familiar story of the meek and mild and the unimpaired open patient and I sought a fine Ruggie Whisman, a 50-year-old physician in general practice in Seattle, Oregon. I chose him because of the nature of his experience. He has practiced for 28 years in both urban and rural communities and he has served as assistant director of the College of Family Physicians of Canada.

Whisman believes that urban areas, with their constant drinking and demanding patients, have helped to send more a general practitioner to an early grave. "I recently looked through the obituaries of 14 Canadian doctors," he said. "The ages at death are: 38, 41, 43, 47, 48, 50 and 56. How many of these deaths are the result of the necessary pressure and stress of practice today?"

He attributes some types of patients who make a doctor's life rough. "The most common patients," they make emergency calls for help late at night or on Sundays or holidays. One phone call at 11:30 a.m. He had been working the night shift. He wondered why the doctor had not responded to a house call. Another had a change of heart for the first time. Then he arrived on a house call, although the condition had not changed from weeks ago.

THEY'RE ALL PATIENTS. To hear the following talk, you'd think he had a string of medical degrees. Inside the consultation room he has his experience and gives the diagnosis and then in a few minutes time, usually, making them. Whisman observes, "The old tradition of attending a few medical studies. When I became a doctor, a careful examination, that his diagnosis was wrong. He spent with me."

BEHIND PATIENT: The good regards himself as highly motivated. At whatever time he calls, he expects the doctor to come running. If he doesn't, he thinks an effort will be made without a fee.

Everything is "now" ...girl



Move. Swing. Do your own thing. Do it now and do it the best. Dress your way. Dance your way. And if you use Tampax tampons, nothing can slow you down.

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*A fine quality camera  
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doctor doesn't drop everything and we look at mine.

**TELEPHONE PATIENT:** He looks like she phone me wonderful that he refuse to visit the doctor's office when he's sick. Who can't the doctor tell him what's wrong on the phone? "Diagnosis by phone is just another way and can be dangerous medicine," says Whitman. "We can't depend exclusively on what the patient tells us about his condition. He may leave out the most telling clues." **DIAGNOSIS BY PHONE:** He takes the time and trouble to undergo a complete medical examination before he does take advice, says the doctor prescribed — and then he does nothing. "I have shown them that the majority of diabetes do not require good diabetic control, but that too all those patients with serious diabetes don't take their medicines, or forget their pills regularly and that may interfere can't be depended on to give medicine to their children for the full 10-day course of treatment. But people are the worst offenders. They think that they're moving on the diet you prescribed and then they show up, having gained weight," says Whitman.

**WANT-AROUND-ONE-STOP PATIENT:** He knows the doctor's name by a look of horror and drives him a desperate problem. If he's on nicotine, he'll complain about diabetes. If he's having sexual difficulties, he'll refer to pain in his pelvic region.

**SWITCHING PATIENTS:** They like variety as doctors and will seldom stay with one practitioner for more than a brief period. I know of one patient who had eight different doctors in two months, says Whitman. "The patient who keeps changing friends is not likely to receive good medical care. No single physician has the opportunity to observe him long enough to understand his condition." □



"It always does this when there's a full moon."

## Constructive Credit at work!

one of a series about how Canadian business and industry use financing wisely to gain and grow.

**These cars are for sale. But you can't sit in them, you can't test drive them, you can't even get close enough to kick a tire.**



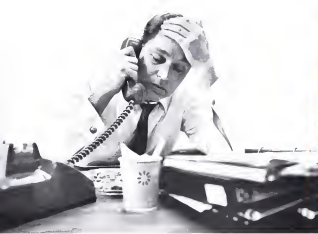
**Here's how we get them to where you can buy one.**

If new cars stayed on factory lots, your dealer's showroom might be an office containing a catalogue. Fortunately it is much more than that, thanks to a system called "inventory financing." Manufacturers, you see, also sell immediately for every car they deliver to the dealer. This helps keep their capital working. But the dealer can't afford to pay out that kind of money and then wait to sell the cars to get it back. So he uses inventory financing.

This means IAC pays manufacturers for cars delivered to IAC dealers. At the showroom, you decide either to pay cash or to make use of an IAC purchase plan. If you choose the latter, you then pay IAC in monthly installments according to your agreement with the dealer. (By this method, IAC has your put 200,000 cars in showrooms all over Canada. These each dealer could display more models, colours and options, giving you a better selection.) Inventory financing is one example of how business and industry use their credit constructively. Because IAC is owned and managed by Canadians we are especially proud to be the supplier of constructive credit to many of Canada's soundest corporations and citizens.

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**Take a good  
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Don't you wish  
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*Is Frankfurt any closer to relaxation  
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See 21







One thing that causes Alton Browne (once) trouble is starting awarding scholarships to a multiplicity of children in 1938: a single fundster bank loaned \$25,000 to sons and daughters of men he'd fired.

## Alton Browne thinks one other place may have more nationalities on its roster than Inco

## The United Nations



The Point Sable in Copper Cliff has a very small staff. Even so, several nationalities are represented: nine living with Alton and men from Czech, Italy, Russia and Finland.



Go long step with us long? I guess you can say they do when you are 100. (Browne is 100). All four employees have 30 years or more service.

Alton Browne is a personnel representative at our Copper Cliff complex. He has been with Inco for 34 years and is in his present position for around 25 of them.

It's Alton's job to find good men. Tradesmen. Process labourers for the surface plants. Mine beginners for underground. And he finds them. In cities, towns and villages from the Lakehead through to Newfoundland. Natural-born Canadians and men from all over the world who have made Canada their new home. Ask him what countries they come from and he'll start listing them. The Ukrainians. Germans. Italy. Poland. Czechoslovakia. Russia. Jamaica. Trinidad. West Africa. Mexico. Japan. China. Spain. Malta and so on.

Alton Browne is physically big, but his voice is soft. Until you ask him if he ever rejects a man because of his colour, race or creed. The look he'll give you is all the answer you'll need.

During his years of recruiting Alton figures he has hired considerably more than 20,000 men for Inco. A huge United Nations of men above ground, underground, mining and processing nickel and making a substantial contribution to Canada's economy.

**INTERNATIONAL NICKEL**  
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED





Every diamond on this hand is a round brilliant weighing approximately one carat, yet the cost varies from \$850 to \$3,500.

The Round Brilliant Cut



If you were going to buy one of these diamonds, which would you choose? The \$850 one? The \$1,500 one? Or would you know which is best?

Granted, they all look very much alike, but there are real differences.

There's why we set up this small demonstration. To point out some of the lesser-known facts about diamonds. And their prices.

#### The color you might not see.

Many people think all diamonds are white. This is not so.

Most diamonds have a tinge of color. It could be yellow, or pink, or brown. And it usually is so slight that only an expert using special light can find it.

Even so, a tinge, a touch of color has no interesting effect. It adds warmth to the stone.

Nature occasionally creates a diamond with no color at all. But this is a rarity and, therefore, very expensive.

#### Clarity, the degree of perfection.

Beautiful as diamonds are, they often contain small natural imperfections, such as carbon spots or bubbles.

If these inclusions don't be seen by the unaided eye, they have little effect on the way light passes through the stone—hence, little effect on its beauty.

A diamond is said to be flawless only if, when magnified ten times, it shows no inclusions to the trained eye.

#### The cut you choose.

All the diamonds on the page are round or brilliant cut which is most popular for engagement rings. But there are many cuts to choose from: antique, oval, emerald cut, pear, heart shape.

#### A cut of accuracy.

The size of a diamond is measured by weight in points and carats. There are 100 points in a carat.

Large diamonds are extremely rare and extremely valuable.

A two-carat diamond, for example, is worth much more than twice the value of a smaller one-carat stone.

#### A good person to talk to.

All of these factors, and more, can affect the value of a diamond. When you start thinking about buying one, whatever you wish to pay, the wisest thing you can do is talk with a reliable jeweler.

The prices below are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in January, 1989. (GIA's weights shown are seldom found.)

Published by De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., to help you in choosing your diamond.

20 points (1/5 carat) \$15 to \$45

30 points (3/4 carat) \$25 to \$75

1 carat (100 points) \$60 to \$150

2 carats (200 points) \$1,200 to \$2,500

A Canadian of the Right argues that North American man lost his virtue when he started to worship technique



## BOOKS

BY PHILIP SYKES

BY A SMALL and unimpeachable act of the Commons Council, some unimpeachable fragment of my income tax contributed to the publication of *Technology and Empire*. I approve this transaction of the Ottawa establishment. It should direct more of my tax money to supporting assaults on its liberal assumptions, to promoting unimpeachable questions about the purpose of our life on this continent.

*Technology and Empire* is a collection of difficult but stirring philosophical essays by George Grant, who leads the department of religion at McMaster University and lives and works in the Ottawa village of Deseronto. He is best known for his *Lament for a Mother* (1965), which reached him as a philosopher of the Right and a minimalist of nostalgia and passion. All reviews of Grant's writings use the adjective noble. It is apt that the word for his new essays is *salvation*. They undertake a critique of America's 400-year march to world empire, measured by the stage America has lost along the way. (Grant's America includes all the dreams to Canadian nationalism, but not a woman as we share increasingly the material wealth, spiritual poverty, and war guilt of the United States.)

American society, Grant says, was born when Columbus encountered an empty land. Alone among nations, America began without a heritage from earlier civilizations because the Columbus had no links to Greek civilization or the conspicuous effect of premissional Christianity. The dominant early Americans were Europeans who lacked Europe's culture. But America's Colonial powers, in the act of building a new society, were susceptible to the liberal doctrine of progress supported from industrial England. This was a wonder religion, it proceeded from "the central assumption that earth's essence is her freedom and therefore that what chiefly concerns man in this life is to shape the world as we want it." This liberal creed built modern America. Political battles of Left and Right were fought within "the common framework that the highest good is North American moving forward in expansionist probability." America's

"values" were a language that developed alongside its will to technological. Both sought to overcome chance.

"Expansionist probability" calculated in its imperfections. Grant says America's empire started in the Roosevelt years. As it spread through the world, Grant believes, eastern nations adopted its ideology and techniques to preserve themselves from the West. In the process, he argues, they, too, became empires. Where two empires intervened, in Vietnam, the American one demanded to demolish a people rather than allow them to live in a civil order.

From this analysis, Grant asks the question: What is the doctrine of freedom? What is its end? And he suggests that the American, or Russian, or any other modern empire can give only a limited reply. Through technology, the empire can conquer space. Through technology the empire can move toward its objective of a global situation society. But if technology brings us into the global glass society, will that society be free or will it be a tyranny? If it is free, what, then, will be the goal of man? What will man do with freedom? This question, Grant believes, liberalism can never answer. It has no goals to wisdom or virtue, it cannot reason beyond what is achievable by technology. Northern man, he says, was forced in the achievement of technology. "Technology is coercion."

This is the dead end of liberalism. Outside the context of technology, it can offer to man no reason for being. This explains Grant's concern for the young America. It is the center of the American's liberalizing European empires. "Give me," he cautions, "it has taken the bettering of a lifetime of manhood to begin to grasp even dimly that which has seriously been lost in being North America." He wishes back to older cultures for "salvation of depravity" that could be precious to modern man, answers from systems of meaning, great myths, philosophy and revelation, that held sway over our progress. An echo from Socrates or Job could help us comprehend technique (and beyond its own dynamics). Such answers could open us to the possibilities

of "some good which is necessary to man as man."

The Christian young, if they could accept a historical criticism from the Right as being as humane as Marxism, might be pointed to such positions. They are already desolated from empire, could the voice of Grant, school of a traditional and pre-technological Canada, create in them a awareness of depravity? Grant is unclear: "Being as one says this, the world fades."

The reviewer can neither affirm nor deny Grant's dark perception, only marvel at their power. His position is terrible. Yet it outweighs the novel that turned the position as thoughts that are, after all, noble as much as modernism, is to deny that all is lost to man. Grant describes a ballroom supper, it has failed to stand him. He glimpses, if not the answer, at least the profoundest questions.

*Technology and Empire* by George Grant (House of Anansi, \$5.50 hardcover, \$2.50 paperback).

#### YOU SHOULD READ

essays: *Grant's Reflections of Life* by George Grant (House of Anansi, \$11.50). The *Authorized Version*, issued by the author's widow and named by his diaries, it witnesses the death of the legends of that forgotten life. Grant's self-interview was like his writing, direct and clear. It witnesses the death of the legends of that forgotten life. Grant's self-interview was like his writing, direct and clear. It witnesses the death of the legends of that forgotten life.

review: *The French King* by Eric Koch (McClelland and Stewart, \$5.95). The novel witnesses by the publisher, direct and clear. It witnesses the death of the legends of that forgotten life. Grant's self-interview was like his writing, direct and clear. It witnesses the death of the legends of that forgotten life.



Those erotic antics in the theatre are really just insufferably dull sermons for the New Morality.

THE ARTS AND LETTERS seem to be in a race these days to get our private parts out into the open.

There is often attention to sexual anatomy resulting from postoperative breakdown. A character in a novel or film will flout "the disgusting marks of his sex at her" as boldly as the hero in the celebrated *Amadeus*. Portraits of genitalia replace those of faces in art galleries, put on cosmetics "for your secret pleasure" with facial cues in our advertisements. While television, that cautious visitor to the hearts and homes, only hurls its flights around the censored, the theatre specifies them in off-Broadway play, Off, presents no actor and an actress suddenly *spang* naked eyes, and Britain's Kenneth Tynan promises a scene in which condoms finally become over-embarrassed.

But there is one way in which the live theatre is clearly different from these other arts: its declared intent is to make us *see* in *From Hair to Part* in the Living Theatre, the performers clearly aim to play not only for us but with us. Having grasped that the live theatre's advantage over film and TV lies in its ability to involve the audience, our actors are no longer content to hold a mirror to nature; they want to be part of nature in the one, both verbal and physical.

From the moment of entering the theatre, audiences are met by relaxed young men and women inviting us to take down our hair, hang our language in the lobby, and feel free — or at least for the price of admission. At performances of *The Living Theatre* members of the audience are urged to join their responsibilities along with the cast and rejoice in group therapy wherever there is room. The happy coding is for everybody.

Cautious are closely thought to be several years before the United States, Britain and France in such fashion, although many of us consider that no audience but rather a careful misreading of ideas against the forces of Uncle Sam's. Given, ten years of theatricalism cannot wait to catch up, and belatedly confused as with merrily from more sophisticated quarters of the globe. Whereupon the usual strong eye, expect to apply the ap-



# THE ARTS

BY MAJOR MOORE

propriate law against such foreign depravity, and in default of two protecting audiences from death by boredom or mental indignation, pronounce the entertainment obscene.

While swimming in Cuzco's full police glory of *Mac*, we have been introduced to *Furt*, a short musical play by the American Rochelle Owens recently presented at (and by) the Toronto Public Library with an associate cast. Miss Owens inhabits the bycatch of a farmer who loves his sow, while the community which does him in goes about its own master ways. There was no embarrassment but the police surrounded these responsible (and kept on summarizing them nightly), and trial has been set for May 12. The result, of course, was front-page publicity and a box-office mobbed by those and for naughty words (inspired, feminist inspired) and the female bosom briefly unveiled.

I attended for "assured it," as the French put it at the second last performance, but I was not much help I thought. Two thousand years since Antigonos, and neither the plots nor the plots have changed, that is progress? Antigonos was famous, considered his and above all never assumed his lessons were lost squares.

Clearly the aim of the show was to shock — a wild enough aim in the day of constant moral and obscenity. Macbeth, we are growing deaf and the artist must shout to catch our attention. But this production was no more shocking than, say, an ignored child coughing in assembly at the church table. A word must be said for the best and pays an attention. Should a wise society not do better?

To tell in the overcooked, under-plotted and to expect them to induce cautions of ethics, morality, resistance and sociology in its use to one on a system of misquoting. It arises from a quite understandable but juvenile wish against offences we don't comprehend, and has the usual effect of a metaphorical weapon: it hurts as more than it does the offender.

We are dealing here with more than obscenity or pornography in the traditional sense — that is, the ex-

posed underground porno task into which most men and women glibly dip from time to time: the smoking-room peek, the filthy postcard, the naughty novel, the pop-porn, or any other of those disapproved but accepted modes of seeing our lower nature. We despise those who peddle pornography, of course, even while we buy their goods in a plain wrapper, we know that they merge us with our own weaknesses, and that these aim to make money out of our vices.

We are facing here a quite different syndrome. The writers aim of today are seldom aiming to a secret viewer or an occasional looker-on: once — not demonstrably (on the case of promised theatre groups) not they out for a fast buck. They are out to change society's attitude toward sex; they are out to change the way of obscenity and to make erotic speech more with kindly method of actuality. Some go further, wanting to stick the label obscene on our method.

They are not willing, they are passing. Their aim is not low but high.

Well, I agree with their cause, but I find most of their sermons unconvincing and dull — not a whit less off-putting than those of the old half-in-and-half-out evangelists they deplore, and not nearly so stimulating. If the pantomime were hung up on sex, and I like the new use of religious symbols as better than the old.

But rarely we have learned, when outcasts of trial and error, that persecution is the source of law is by far the worst way to handle religious demands. Rather we should tell them to go ahead and do their own thing, as long as they don't poison the air, ferment racism, corrupt children or otherwise hamper us in doing our thing.

So I say to hell with surprise, let's get it over with. Let's see everything (as if we haven't seen it before). Let's have coupling right before our noses — a metaphorical coupling, or wherever, and let them as want to go to. That maybe the rest of us can get back to our jobs, our households, and our nice comfortable clothes.



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